Staff copy

TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME 1 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1925 NUMBER 24

Bad Poetry Week

THE United States has just emerged from its annual poetry week, when, and when only, every English-speaking citizen above the age of eight reads at least a hundred lines in rhyme and rhythm, usually aloud. One specimen will do for all—

> We send you good wishes
> And plenty of cheer,
> And a Happy Christmas
> And a Bright New Year.

Cheer-year, holly-jolly, snow-glow, ride-tide, heart-part tinkle like sleigh bells, and the great mystery of why there is so much bad poetry available is solved, for when the demand rises to Christmas pitch the supply floods up like water in a tidal marsh.

The question, of course, is whether the normal, healthy man or woman does not prefer bad poetry; whether good poetry is not a discipline imposed by artists upon an unwilling population, which, if it reads verse at all, would far rather have rhymed platitudes easy to remember and the kind of rhythm that resembles the bumping of a Ford on an old plank bridge.

This is a conclusion flattering to a man of taste, but it is probably not sound. We like platitudes of course since platitudes are easily and obviously true statements which the mind accepts as readily as the throat absorbs a caramel. And we like a simple rhythm and an expected rhyme for the same reason. But even here there is bad and good, and a world of difference between—

> This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
> —*Every nighte and alle,*
> Fire and sleet and candle-lights,
> *And Christe receive thy saule.*

and

> On Christmas Day we'll think of you
> And wish you a Happy New Year, too.

It would be comforting to suppose that, although by a happy natural selection the poetry which remains is most of it reasonably good, our ancestors made as much bad verse as we do. But this is not true. The primitive person knew a great deal of popular poetry, but it all came from a not very large common stock. He was content with the same Christmas ballad his neighbors knew, and did not feel it necessary to send out a brand new quatrain on a card. Probably if bad poetry had been manufactured as abundantly as now he would have taken it just as readily as he absorbed the crude and lovely ballads or the simple and charming lyrics of the Middle Ages.

For our Annual Poetry Week we have commercialized verse—that is the simple explanation of our banalities. We have let the trade work up a product which can be produced by any grammatical person at short notice, and in as large quantities and as great variety as the market demands. The parts, as in all modern machinery, are standardized and interchangeable. Given "Merry Christmas," "Happy New Year," "candle light," "fond hearts," "far away," "thinking of you," "Santa Claus," "hope," "joy," "love," and a new poem can be put on the press for every new picture, without the expense of skilled labor. The thing seemed harmless, until by the multigraphing process of modern business the cards became a snowstorm of bad verse which you can escape only by shooting the postman.

One often wonders why there is so little public concern that "nationally-advertised" brands, broadcasted into a million homes, should in themselves be good. If soup and shoes and tobacco and clothes are not what they used to be, it is no consolation to be told that a million people are using them. But this Merry Christmas abomination makes the other products seem admirable. Here the commercialists have chosen to standardize the flattest verse when the treasures of literature were open to them free, and the first cost of good new lines inconsiderable. Let us have a National Good Taste Week just after New Year's Day, in which every card with a bad, flat, stale rhyme on it shall be returned to the sender with a letter asking whether he wrote it. Most of us, even the least poetical, would be stricken dumb before we would write the stuff we send out annually on cards:

> Today is Christmas, I suppose
> And so I send you a Christmas rose

(*Returned by recipient with a line added*—)

> My God! Next year make it prose!

Sardinia from a Liner

By LEONORA SPEYER

> IT stood at bay in its own dark sea,
> And gnashed its dripping rocks at me.
>
> Over it thunders lurked in their wrack,
> Lightning and windy waves drew back.
>
> It wore its hills with a tribal pride,
> Corsica cowered at its side.
>
> A brigand island with brawny hips,
> Scowling at sky and sea and ships—
>
> But its purple wallets were filled, I knew,
> With potent grapes for a potent brew,
> With olive and myrtle and roses too.

This Week

Black's "Stacey." Reviewed by *John Carter*.. 443
"Best Continental Short Stories." Reviewed by *Matthew Josephson* 443
Baroja's "Red Dawn." Reviewed by *G. D. Eaton* 443
Lives of Wagner and Tchaikovsky Reviewed by *Bruce Simons* 444
Eaton's "Actor's Heritage." Reviewed by *Clayton Hamilton* 444
Vaihinger's "As If." Reviewed by *Irwin Edman* 445
Fosdick's "Modern Use of the Bible." Reviewed by *R. C. Smith* 445
Temperley's "Peace Conference" Reviewed by *Charles H. Haskins* 445
"Advertising Art." Reviewed by *Earnest Elmo Calkins* 446
"Memoirs of Stephen Burroughs." Reviewed by *C. M. Rourke* 446
Abbott's "Conflicts With Oblivion." Reviewed by *Gamaliel Bradford* 447
The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley*.. 447

Next Week

RARE BOOK NUMBER

The Lure of Collecting. By *Gabriel Wells.*
Reviews and Comment. By *Porter Garnett, Lincoln MacVeagh, Frederick M. Hopkins,* and others.

Published by Time Incorporated,
Publishers of TIME,
The Weekly News-Magazine

The Poetry of the Brontes

By CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER

IT is now some years since the Brontës passed their centenary. Charlotte, the eldest of the sisters who came to maturity, was born in 1816, and Anne, the youngest, in 1820; so that they are now well along in the second century of their existence. It is remarkable that they have begun it with no obvious loss of momentum such as is apt to occur after the false excitement caused by the completion of the first hundred years. The three Brontës, like our own Emily Dickinson, are fascinating still. They retain their old power of winning devotees. None of them, indeed, has lacked a critic to proclaim her the peculiar genius of the family. Charlotte, from the beginning, has had a host of eager interpreters. Mrs. Gaskell in an earlier generation, and Miss May Sinclair in this, have revealed the devotion of one sex; Mr. Swinburne (who intimated that she would outlast Dickens) and Mr. A. C. Benson the esteem of the other. Few novelists of the nineteenth century, that great classic era of fiction, have been so laden with praise. As for Emily Brontë, she has had so many admirers that it has become commonplace to "discover" her. "Wuthering Heights" is probably the most widely read of all the Brontës' novels. Nor has Anne been passed over in the distribution of critical favors. Some two years since, Mr. George Moore published an essay, in the form of a dialogue with Mr. Edmund Gosse, in which he contended that Anne was the greatest of the three sisters. There was thereafter no one left to confer genius upon except the demoniac brother Branwell, and accordingly, in the summer of 1923, Miss Alice Law published her theory that Patrick Branwell Brontë was the author of "Wuthering Heights," the abused, cheated, and neglected genius of the Haworth vicarage. This caused a fine flutter in the Brontesque circle (never too peaceful), and threatens English criticism with a Brontë "heresy" of Baconian quality if not of Baconian proportions. Who knows but we may presently hear of ciphers and acrostic signatures?

Well, it is all very strange, this devotion to the recluses of Yorkshire, the drab, shy girls with the flaming hearts and teeming imaginations. The theme is romantic enough, in all conscience—the governess racked with heroic passion, a sort of female counterpart of Ruy Blas, the lackey who loved a queen. Some writers seem to feel that romanticism is dead; but the Brontës, who are as romantic as Byron, seem to give the lie to such a notion. The Brontës are not dead, or even ailing. They are, perhaps, more alive than their books; at any rate, the result of all this activity of their disciples has been to keep Charlotte and Emily and Anne to the fore, as Frances Henri and Catherine Earnshaw and Agnes Grey recede a little into the background. We know Haworth better than Villette.

But the day will come at last when the old unhappy tale of the Brontës must be forgotten, and the literary work of the three sisters judged on its merits and not merely prized for the light it throws upon their biography. Time knows no chivalries. Literary achievement, not romantic biography, must, in the long run, be the basis of an enduring place in literature. Their novels, which are likely to be read long after it has been forgotten that they were one and all quarried out of their biography, will of course be their chief claim to remembrance, stories as powerful as they are strange and crude, yet revealing the splendid paradox of humanity that out of weakness we may be made strong. And

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

among the readers of these stories there will ever be many who turn from their prose to their verse, to see if in their lyrics there may perchance exist an expression of their genius free from the extravagance and rawness that mark their fictions.

It is never to be forgotten that their first appearance in the world of letters was as poetesses—or rather as poets—Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. The grey-green little volume of Poems (1846) was shifted from one publisher to another (to the delight of book-collectors), and was unregarded by the public. But there is nothing surprising in the failure of the book, for it is always difficult to detect the half dozen poems of permanent value in the confusion caused by several scores of poems issuing suddenly out of the unknown. In this instance the confusion was worse because of the triple authorship and the assumption of masculine names by authors obviously female. But though the volume lacked readers in 1846, it has won them since. Mr. A. C. Benson edited the poems judiciously, in 1915; and now Mr. Clement K. Shorter (who long since appropriated all the Brontës to himself) has published a complete edition.* Whether it be wholly wise to print every scrap of verse that escaped the waste-paper basket will seem to the Brontesque disciples an insolent query; but it is a doubt sure to rise in the minds of the critical and irreverent. The menace to the poetical reputation of the Brontës has always been that of suffocation. A few of their poems are of very high quality indeed; others have real value, though marred by blemishes and discords; others contain stanzas or lines which ought to survive; but others—many others—might be permanently spared from English literature, and among these we must fearlessly include the bulk of the "new" material which Mr. Shorter has printed.

* * *

The lack which is common to the work of all three is of course that of discipline. These young ladies are disinclined to wait, to reconsider, to prune, to reject. There is surely some hereditary relation between the vice of Branwell's life and the stylistic vices of the sisters. In the poems, as in the novels, emotion is everywhere astir, but it is always plunging into language, wreaking itself upon expression, set down hurriedly in all its rawness, never, by any chance, "recollected in tranquility." When the Brontës experience an emotion they express it. They consume no smoke. Now to say all this is, in truth, but to assert that they were young. It is in their fervid youthfulness that half their charm consists; and yet, after reading them for a time, one cannot help longing for the professional touch again; one turns, perhaps, to Landor or to Mr. Bridges, to restraint and reticence, and an experienced artist's sure control of his instrument. The atmosphere may be chillier, but it is also clearer. The *nocturnes* and *études* of the Brontës are passionate and moving, but the performer now and again strikes a false note, and sets the hearer's nerves aquiver. Emily, for example, can write about the stars in a simple and affecting way:

I turned me to the pillow then
To call back night, and see
Your worlds of solemn light again
Throb with my heart and me.

She could write as well as that, and then she could add:

The curtains swayed the wakened flies
Were murmuring round my room,
Imprisoned there till I should rise,
And give them leave to roam.

A yet more slovenly manner, and a sort of shriekiness that Emily never betrays, is found in the poems of Currer Bell. Charlotte's poem, "He saw my heart's woe," might come straight from the most lurid pages of "Jane Eyre:"

Idolator I kneeled to an idol cut in rock,
I might have slashed my flesh and drawn my heart's best blood,
The Granite God had felt no tenderness, no shock,
My Baal had not seen nor heard nor understood.

This is like the hysteria which flows from the pen of Jane Eyre; you may find it in your heart to wish it all keyed down, but you cannot deny its passion—and then, suddenly all sinks into prose and pathos:

Now Heaven heal the wound which I still deeply feel,
Thy glorious hosts look not in scorn on our poor race;
The King eternal doth not iron judgment deal
On suffering worms who seek forgiveness, comfort, grace.

The sincerity of this is beyond doubt, but so is the sincerity of an inarticulate cry of pain or pleasure, yet we do not call it artistic. A whole step in the creative process is lacking, and that step is the reconsideration by the artist of his first intensities, a tendency to temper and restrain in the interests of technique and an accepted mode of expression.

Of all the group the one who came nearest to self-restraint was Anne. She, the least rebellious of them, craves direction and control, finds it in her Christian faith, and submits herself to a higher power. Her verse is prevailingly religious, her mood less violent, her notes few and simple, reminiscent of eighteenth century hymnals and, in particular, of the poetry of William Cowper. Her verses to the memory of that poet are something more than a girl's sweet tribute to a favorite: they are instinct with the very spirit which she admired in her master, and it is pleasant to feel that, among all the poems written in his honor, none would have gratified the recluse of Olney more than these simple lines. Certain of Anne's poems, such, for example, as "A Prayer,"—

I cannot say my faith is strong,
I dare not hope my love is great,
But strength and love to Thee belong,
Oh, do not leave me desolate!

are sung as hymns by persons who never heard her name. Such dubious fame as that will not satisfy Mr. George Moore, but it would have comforted Anne with the thought that she had not sung in vain.

But it is hard to give consideration to Anne's verse or even to Charlotte's tempestuous song when we think of Emily. It will be found in the end, if, indeed, it be not already clear, that the poetic genius of the family (whatever be Emily's ultimate rank as a novelist) is concentrated in her. Some half dozen of her poems—"Remembrance," "The linnet in the rocky dells," "Stanzas to——," "The Old Stoic," "Love and Friendship," "The Bluebell," and, of course, "No coward soul is mine"—are destined to grow in fame until they establish the writer's poetic reputation upon an adequate, albeit narrow, foundation. For Emily Brontë had the gift of song, and had it as indubitably, though not so constantly, as Christina Rossetti. There are moments when she is very near, in mood and expression, to Miss Rossetti:

Do I despise the timid deer,
Because his limbs are fleet with fear?
Or would I mock the wolf's death-howl,
Because his form is gaunt and foul?
Or hear with joy the leveret's cry,
Because it cannot bravely die?
No! Then above his memory
Let Pity's heart as tender be;
Say, "earth lie lightly on that breast,"
And, "kind Heaven, give that spirit rest!"

We find at times an unchastened emotionalism in her as we do almost continuously in her elder sister, and there are moments in her verse, as in Charlotte's, when the spirit of Byron seems to be moving her,

The spirit which bent 'neath its power,
How it longed—how it burned to be free!
If I could have wept in that hour,
Those tears had been heaven to me.

There is an emphasis on the necessity of "freedom" which one does not always understand; but a clear resolution to follow out the impetus of her own genius, which can be very readily understood and no less readily commended,

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading:
It vexes me to choose another guide;
Where the grey flocks in ferny glens are feeding;
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain-side.

It is this intense self-confidence that burns through the splendid *credo* with which she closed her literary, if not her earthly, life:

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere;
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And Faith shines equal, arming me from Fear.

No anthology is now without this poem. Its passionate affirmations are as startling, in this age of slovenly thinking on all matters of final import, as the passionate denials of Mr. Henley's "Invictus."

Moreover, this "last" poem, as it is convenient to call it, is in other respects characteristic. It issues out of the splendid heart of her as she confronts life, wide-eyed, confident, unbroken, though having come out of—nay, yet enduring—great tribulation. All her verse is the expression of this, nothing more; for she creates no world beyond or apart from herself. Those childish imaginings which concern the mythical "Gondals" inhabiting the distant kingdom of Andora, will deceive nobody. Emily is Emily still, even when she signs herself A. G. Alaisda, even as are the youngsters of our own family who consent to entertain the grown-ups with "private theatricals." All the fun of it is in seeing the familiar faces in masquerade, but we do not deceive ourselves into thinking that a histrionic race is arising in our midst. The power of passing out of herself and creating a world of which she had had no direct experience is hers, if at all, only in "Wuthering Heights," but not in poetry. Charlotte has it. "Gilbert," for example, which is a dreadful, perhaps a contemptible, poem, gives evidence of Charlotte's power as a *maker*, and represents a kind of poem that is entirely lacking in Emily's work. "Gilbert" is essentially a novelist's poem. The conclusion of it might have been written by the youthful Walter Scott for "Tales of Terror;" but, failure as it is, it betrays a tendency to pass outside herself and transcend her own experience which differentiates Charlotte's power from Emily's.

But neither Charlotte nor Anne ever really sings. That gift, the gift of raising her voice in clear, keen melody, is Emily's alone. Her voice, to be sure, has never been "trained," but it is none the less a singing voice.

The linnet in the rocky dells,
The moor-lark in the air,
The bee among the heather bells
That hide my lady fair,

The wild deer browse above her breast;
The wild birds raise their brood;
And they her smiles of love caressed,
Have left her solitude!

It is in such utterances that one finds a retort to those who, like the present writer in the earlier sections of this paper, are inclined to cavil at the Brontës for their lack of self-discipline and their uncertain technique. This primitive note, the speed and simplicity of the natural voice, is almost never found without plenteous imperfections; but it has beauties of its own. The lyrics of Emily Brontë are childlike, and childlike in a fuller sense than may at first be apparent. They are like children, who are always disappointing us, failing to live up to what is expected of them, falling into absurd error that might have been quite simply avoided, and yet all the while possessed of a rare beauty which is transitory and never to be recaptured. It is the strange, the unexpected, which haunts us as we read. It is a quality not to be imitated, hardly to be defined. Who taught her to write such lines as

Mourn not him whose doom
Heaven itself is mourning?

Who taught the girl who had known but little joy to write of the mood

When joy grew mad with awe, at counting future tears?

It is easy to understand that she, who had listened to the wind on the Yorkshire moors could write of it as uttering

Wild words of an ancient song,
Undefined, without a name.

But who taught her, who had passed her narrow life in the midst of death, whose years were few and stricken with grief, to write in the end,

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void.

The secret is locked fast in the girl's heart; and it is the hope of spelling it that will draw readers to her for many years to come.

William Archer, whose death took place in London, on December 27th, long stood in the forefront of British dramtic critics. Forming an association with the London *World* in 1884, for over twenty years he wrote for its columns comment on the most important developments of the British drama in a period which saw a rapid changing of standards and ideals. In the development of taste in England he had no small part, for his championship of Ibsen and the freeer drama which his plays ushered in did much for the unfettering of the contemporary theatre. It is as critic, translator, and editor of Ibsen that Archer is principally known, and it is on his work in this connection that his reputation largely rests. He made several visits to this country, on the last writing a series of articles for a metropolitan daily.

---

*THE COMPLETE POEMS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE. Edited by CLEMENT SHORTER. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1924. $3 net.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EMILY JANE BRONTE. The same.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF ANNE BRONTE. The same.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Modern Youth

STACEY. By ALEXANDER BLACK. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

CERTAIN insects have won for themselves the approbation of mankind. Whereas the wasp and hornet arouse fear and resentment, while the gadfly, knat, mosquito and flea, with their humbler brethren, provide sustenance for quick tempers or witless humor, what enconiums have we not lavished on the futile industry of the tireless ant, on the admirable skill and ghastly patience of the spider, and with what delight do we encourage the bee to secure us honey, and how lightly do we disregard the sting which she bears? It is thus with "Stacey." This book neither plagues us as do certain meretricious revelations of the booktasters who cater to a jaded public palette; nor does it arouse the fearsome resentment of those fierce writers whose stings are redeemed by none of the honey of human kindliness; and yet it escapes the admirable pedestrianism of those survivors of the golden-plated age of Garland and Howells. Instead, it bears a load of honey sorely needed to replenish our acrid hives, and the sting it carries will be suffered gladly for the sake of our present delectation.

"Stacey" tells of life in a New York boarding-house, shows the enthusiastic futilities of a naïve youth who sets out to make a lot of easy money in the advertising business and ends by becoming part-owner of a cafeteria and marrying Mina Hoffbein, his landlady's daughter, after a passionate attack of puppy-love and several false starts in business. The sting of the story, as the bee's, lies in the presentation of the tale, and is succinctly stated in one very brief and exceedingly sensible discussion of modern youth:

> Some people have a talent for extracting an education out of what is called a college. I don't think you're a marked illustration of that talent. Anyway, they weren't able to help you to find yourself. I fancy you came out unscathed, just a typical hurriedly-hatched American. With all that, you could have done something if you had known what you were to do. You went out to find Success as if it were something outside yourself, particularly as if it were something you could spend. You learned no trade. You didn't know how to do anything well enough to be needed heartily. You had a typical loosely-fitted, utterly immoral ambition to get a good salary with the aid of nothing much but a lot of words. Like most of them you thought living was a trick, and a pretty cheap trick at that. You didn't think you had to know where you were going.
>
> Even with no sense of horizon you might at least have been able to watch your step if it weren't for the eternal distraction of sex. This distraction has always existed, but men who once left women when they went to work, now meet there, as well as elsewhere, a distraction that never before was so naked, so accessible, or so expensive. Working fewer hours than they used to work, with an inferior theory of apprenticeship, an entirely superficial sense of obligation, undisciplined by even a wrong religion, young men are now subject to new phases of the sex obsession. And by a kind of conspiracy everybody goes on measuring the progress or the retrogression without mentioning the sex influence on the whole procedure we call business, though that could explain more than all other elements put together. We needn't be afraid of being unfair to sex. That will always dominate life whether we want it to or not. But we could show a little more sense in taking account of it. The individual man needs to take account of it as his heaviest overhead. You haven't done that. . . . I don't say you're peculiar. You're just average, horribly average. You're the product of a flippant civilization, and it can't be any comfort to you that the whole hustling, self-centered, get-it-quick American crowd is on Fools' Hill at this moment.

The most captious must agree that this analysis is roughly true, and its very moderation lends greater force to its rebuke. For it eschews the vehemence of the "intellectual" assault on the utilitarian, nor does it fall into any bland smugness as regards the system which it discusses by implication.

While, on the whole, "Stacey" is a parable of the truth of the above quotation, yet it possesses a substantial merit of its own. Good observation of life is blended with a generous sympathy for human nature, and the result is a set of characters, all of whom are admirably drawn, thoroughly natural, likeable, and interesting, moving harmoniously through a unified sequence of action to a logical end. Unpretentious as is this type of literature, it appears more likely to attain a success among those people who like their fiction neat, but are sufficiently gentlemanly to prefer brandy aged in the wood to boot-legged rot-gut. And finally, the author shows a good sense of style and workmanship that, together with the very creditable list of works in his name, shows that here at least is one writer who is not one of the "hustling, self-centered, get-it-quick crowd" now squabbling on the tinsel slopes of the Fools' Hill with the naïve idea that they are storming Parnassus when they are merely playing the childish game of "King-of-the-Castle." Literature —that is to say, the writing of good books—requires more than pen, paper and publicity; "Stacey" is a pleasant, if not particularly startling, reminder that writers still exist who essay tasks well within their powers, and better still, perform them unaffectedly and well.

Foreign Fiction

THE BEST CONTINENTAL SHORT STORIES OF 1923-1924. Edited by RICHARD EATON. Boston. Small, Maynard & Co. 1924. $2.50

Reviewed by MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

ANTHOLOGIES are useful and often exquisite things. They are seldom given their due; but on the other hand they are seldom made by people who have a happy genius for anthologies. Mr. Richard Eaton's collection of "best" European stories is a sort of Baedeker which guides the reader through the current literature of a score of countries in flying visits. The advance of the modern short story in the countries of the hinterland, Latvia, Finland, Esthonia, and Jugoslavia affords the reader very little in the nature of thrills. Inevitably we must fall back on the Russian and French models.

The good writing in this anthology is by Arthur Schnitzler, an Austrian; by two young Russian writers, Ivanov and Pilniak, and by Luigi Pirandello. Schnitzler's, "The Fate of the Baron von Leisenbohg," is in the best tradition of the short story as evolved by Poe and Maupassant.

The Leopard's Prey. From "Naju of the Nile," by H. E. Barns (Houghton Mifflin).

Mr. Eaton, however, is a little over-credulous as to the importance of the short story form, when he says that writers have "learned to depict a life story whether tragic or comic in twenty odd pages as in two-hundred and fifty." Even a glib and polished piece of work such as Schnitzler's fails to achieve the cumulative force of one of his own plays or one of Dostoievsky's long novels. It is perfectly possible that in our enthusiasm for this brief and convenient form of literature we may come to believe that a short story by Struthers Burt or Edna Ferber is more satisfactory than the novels or epics of Stendhal, Fielding, or Cervantes.

Mr. Eaton in his preface does more to condemn, indirectly, the short story form than anything else. "The short story," he points out, "by reason of its brevity permits the author to revise his work in a way which the exigencies of modern life render difficult in the case of a novel." Thus with a minimum of labor a short story can be produced, which is far more correct artistically than a longer work produced under modern conditions! In other words, with much less trouble than it takes to produce, let us say, a poetic drama such as the "Phèdre" of Racine.

The striking stories are by the Russian writers, Vsevolod Ivanov and Boris Pilniak. This is chiefly because they have chosen to ignore the formulæ invented by Poe and Maupassant, known in handbooks and correspondence courses as "character setting plot." Externally their stories have a formlessness which curiously enhances their actuality and force, and which our professional short-story teachers will find hard to stomach.

The story from Germany, "The Holiday Child," by Joseph Winckler, although it is harmless and agreeable, can hardly be the best story published in Germany for the past two years. One thinks off-hand of Thomas and Heinrich Mann, of Carl Sternheim, Casimir Edschmid, and a half-dozen others. It is difficult to understand why the anthologist need have published two Hungarian stories (and those by the same author), three Latvian, two Roumanian, and two Turkish stories, and thereby deliberately slighted a major country of Europe in which literature is a national industry.

Mr. Eaton's book contains also an elaborate year book of short stories on the continent. Leaving aside the question of his preface, the collection will be of great value to colleges, high schools, libraries, and women's literary clubs.

A Propagandist Novel

RED DAWN. By PIO BAROJA. Translated by ISAAC GOLDBERG. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. $2.50.

Reviewed by G. D. EATON

THIS book by Baroja contains too much propaganda to be a novel and too much keenness to be propaganda. It has too many irrelevancies to be a philosophy. It is, much like "Youth and Egolatry," a bible for a certain class of persons, a class which I esteem highly but to which I do not belong. And still, the work is simply a book, wherein narrative and ideas are extremely mixed. But it is a little more than this; it is a good book.

It is good, to me, for several reasons, not the least of which is that it exposes the vapidity of intellectuals when they attempt to thresh out their ideas and theories before each other. Baroja, with his conceptions—superior as they are—has doubtless suffered confusion, like the characters in his book, when his anarchical views have come into conflict with views of persons of similar kidney.

The book exposes, too, the futility of the idealist who would save mankind, the heartbreak which surely must beset this sort of man, and the advantage which schemers inevitably take of his deep kindliness.

The propaganda in the work is merely that of urging persons to be restless, whether as anarchists, socialists, nihilists, or what not. No specific end has Baroja in sight—only an aim. He believes in nothing as absolute and, save for his militancy, is a brother to the late Anatole France. Baroja's exposition of the various theories of various groups shows the infinite and hopeless conflicts of such theories. His one approach to a fairly conclusive truth comes from the mouth of a character, on the attaining of liberty: "First by money. Then by thinking."

The narrative is utterly without coherence until the last hundred pages. The scene shifts amazingly and without apparent reason. The most pleasing character, to me at least, is Manuel, brother of the idealistic apostle of anarchism, Juan. Manuel is a sweet-tempered, easy-going fellow, not artistic, but vaguely disturbed by the arts and economic and social theories. (The conflict of the theories and actualities in the book reminds one of the same conflicts in "Anna Karenina.") Manuel works, sweats and worries, achieves a measure of success and marries. He is simple and has a soft word for all sarcasms. One loves him.

Here, it seems to me, the book is strongest. Too often, I have felt, in the presence of foreigners, that they occupied another branch of the philogenetic tree, that they were tangibly different from my American friends and neighbors (although I know better). What a feeling of strangeness comes over me when I see, for instance, a group of swarthy Spaniards, large-headed and black-eyed! They seem another species. In Baroja's books, as in stories by Maupassant, as in Balzac's "César Birotteau," I forget the strangeness. "El Madrileño" becomes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Smith and the foreign flavor is gone. Yes, the flavor is gone, but the common delectable salt of all humanity remains.

Here, also, is a lesson for our American realists. It may be as Hobbes and Rochefoucauld and Mark Twain (in "What Is Man?") held, that humans are kind only through self-interest and sentimental and sympathetic only through pleasure and desire not to suffer, but the fact remains that there *are* kind and sympathetic and sacrificing persons, whatever be their inner motives. Baroja takes account of this, which our realists often do not. We may all be rogues at bottom, but there is tender roguery as well as harsh.

Anarchy, Baroja develops, is not a political theory. If it is good—which is to say, if it is interesting, it is simply literature. A proper conclusion! Remembering the Bible, the works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and the *macabre* theme in Goethe's "Werther," I wonder if we cannot say the same of religion, of *liberté-égalité-fraternité*, and of individualism. All theories, in fact, which have moved men to exaltation, to war, to death, to poetry, to relative wrong and right, strike me as being only literature. Their effect seems all too frequently at odds and ineffective. They have, in the end, only emotional appeal, and their strength lies in just how far they push men to action. Or perhaps that is their weakness. I confess I do not know. Billy Sunday has moved as many men as Goethe and much the same kind of men as Jean-Jacques stirred.

But the idea that good anarchism is only literature is, after all, only a theory within a theory. It, too, is possibly good literature and nothing else, or simply nothing else.

Goldberg's translation of the volume is very fine. Above all, he knows how to find the American equivalent of Spanish colloquialisms and slang. Really, I know of no more deft hand at turning one idiom into another.

Musical Chronicles

MY LIFE: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RICHARD WAGNER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1924. $5.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF PETER ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY. By MODESTE TCHAIKOVSKY. Edited from the Russian, with an Introduction by ROSA NEWMARCH. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Reviewed by BRUCE SIMONS
Yale School of Music

THE will to create is a Moloch. Throughout these two autobiographies (for the volume of Tchaikovsky is so filled with letters as to seem autobiographical) we observe the monster, jaws wide open, eternally hungry, never appeased. Into its maw two weary men throw composition after composition, now a salon piece, now a symphony, this one already dead from banality, that a work of genius: smiling the god receives them all, and the complaining, exhausted devotees are driven to new efforts; if they do not sacrifice, they may not live; and when they have sacrificed sufficiently, they die. Then there are new priests.

Such is the impression one carries away from a re-reading of these familiar, now reprinted books. They are still as important as if neither of them had been in certain ways discredited. The autobiography of Wagner, distinct from the host of memoirs which pass in a single happy paragraph from nonentity to the peak of fame, celebrates little else than the long years of half-success. In 1864, when the book ends, the theatre at Bayreuth has not been built, "Tristan" has not been performed, the "Ring" tetralogy has not been finished; but in their place we have careful descriptions of abortive librettos, a record of unimportant triumphs and imposing failures; the account of the "Tannhäuser" fiasco at Paris is indeed almost at the proper point to serve as climax to the whole. Though Mr. Newman has conclusively proved that there is more art than truth in Wagner's presentation of certain vicissitudes, that the book tallies well with a cynical definition of autobiography, there remains much that is extraordinarily impressive in Wagner's attitude toward his art and his own destiny. Today "Rienzi" is forgotten; "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser," even "Lohengrin," are being shunted by slighting references into Limbo: an ardent controversy rages over the "Ring"; but "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger" and "Parsifal" show no signs of shedding immortality. Such was Wagner's singleness of purpose that he would point to them alone and be satisfied. This man served Moloch with deliberate intention.

What shall we say of Tchaikovsky? The letters, edited by his brother, first appeared in 1902. Since then his reputation has steadily waned in England and America, and on much of the Continent he has been completely superseded. Those compositions which should be his crowning achievements, the fifth and sixth symphonies, are attacked most furiously by such critics as speak of him at all. Yet he was as dominated by the will to create as Wagner, and actually produced more work. Why has he failed?

Partly on account of his singular lack of discrimination. Through his letters, charming, transparently human and sympathetic as they are, we find continual adverse criticism of the best music, the most gifted musicians. "I like to play Bach, because it is interesting to play a good fugue; but I do not regard him as a great genius." "Handel is not even interesting." Beethoven's latest quartets "have only brilliancy, nothing more." Brahms, to whom he preferred Délibes, was "a self-conscious mediocrity, . . . chaotic, dry and meaningless; . . . in comparison with him, Raff was a giant, not to speak of Rubinstein." A more important reason for his decay is constantly found in a morbid uncertainty about his own art. "So in all probability, I shall strive for mastery until my last breath, without ever attaining it. Something is lacking in me—I can feel it—but there is nothing to be done." After the fifth symphony, "I have come to the conclusion that it is a failure. There is something repellent, something superfluous, patchy and insincere. Am I really played out, as they say?" The fear of being played out attacked him after each production and haunted his existence. He was conscious of musical ill-health; but his horrible task-master kept him incessantly moiling; in the same letter he cries out in anguish at the failure of his last work and recounts his feverish intensity over the new one.

His attitude toward his contemporary is interesting. "Lohengrin" he considered the crown of Wagner's works after which "began the deterioration of his talent, ruined by his diabolical vanity. . . . Everything he composed after 'Lohengrin' became incomprehensible, impossible music which has no future. . . . 'Tristan' is an endless void, without movement, without life, which cannot hold the spectator or awaken in him any true sympathy for the characters on the stage. . . . To my mind Wagner has killed his colossal creative genius with theories." Yet, to do him justice, he called the "Ring" "an event of the greatest importance to the world, an epoch-making work of art"; and in 1875 he made a pilgrimage to Bayreath. There he saw driving in a sumptuous carriage to the station to meet the Emperor, the "serene old man, with his aquiline nose and the delicately ironical smile which gives such a characteristic expression to the face of the creator of this cosmopolitan and artistic festival. Greeted by the crowds with as much enthusiasm as the Emperor, . . . what pride, what overflowing of emotion must have filled at this moment the heart of that little man!" . . . Alas, there is nothing in Wagner's autobiography concerning Tchaikovsky.

The Olden Golden Days

THE ACTOR'S HERITAGE. Scenes from the Theatre of Yesterday and the Day Before. By WALTER PRICHARD EATON. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1924. $4.00.

Reviewed by CLAYTON HAMILTON

FOR twenty years, Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton has been recognized as one of the very foremost of our dramatic critics; and the theatre-going public lost a valuable servant when he retired from Times Square to become a practitioner and a celebrant of country life in America. Nowadays he writes mainly about buds and bugs—or is it bees and birds?—yet there are times, or wintry evenings, as he sits before the fire in his quiet home in the Berkshire Hills, when his heart remembers his first love. "Do you remember," he asks, in a dedicatory epistle addressed to his old roommate, A. E. Thomas, but intended to be passed around and used by all the rest of us.

Do you remember all the glamour and delight of those days on Broadway, when we were young, and to be a part of this wonderful thing, the Theatre, was a never-too-much-to-be-savored adventure? Surely you do, because now that we are not so young, there is still a glamour and delight about Broadway, and to be a part of this wonderful thing, the Theatre, is still an endless adventure. It was always so. It always will be so. This is the sole reason why I have written this book!

Of course, the drama is one thing and the theatre is another; yet perhaps the prime essential in the equipment of a true dramatic critic is an eager and an overwhelming love of the theatre. Mr. Eaton's present book does not deal critically with the drama; instead, it dramatizes in a dozen scenes the child-like, charming, heart-breaking, adventurous, heroic life that, throughout the generations, has been the actor's heritage.

Mr. Eaton, it appears, has been a haunter of old book-shops, a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles which have subsequently turned out to be treasures. Out of many dusty old volumes of theatrical antiquities he has gathered the anecdotes and chronicles that furnished the materials for the present compilation. His researches into the oddities of our theatrical history extend all the way from the days of Beethoven to the day of Weber and Fields. He gives us a detailed review of Colley Cibber's "Apology for His Life,"—that best of all books of theatrical reminiscences; he outlines the career of the now forgotten Thomas Holcroft, who began life as a strolling player in the company of the Kembles and ended it with the composition of a fragmentary autobiography which was completed by no less an author than William Hazlitt; and he gives a dramatic account of the revolution in the traditional characterization of Shylock on the stage which was effected in 1741 by the astonishing performance of Charles Macklin.

* * *

Crossing the ocean to America, Mr. Eaton reviews at length the career of Sol Smith, who carried the drama into the wilderness and established a new theatrical frontier in the west and in the south. There are chapters on Macready's great success in Boston and Rachel's comparative failure in New York. Weber and Fields are treated historically, as the last of a long line; and the book is concluded with a very amusing chapter on the old-time burlesque shows, entitled "Legs in Grandpa's Day."

"The Actor's Heritage" is a beautifully written book. It is genial, it is humorous; it has sentiment and charm. Furthermore, it is sumptuously illustrated with more than two score prints and photographs, many of which are rare and all of which are interesting.

I have lately had occasion to re-read those compositions of Charles Lamb wherein he celebrates the prowess of the actors of an elder day; and I can pay no more fitting tribute to Walter Prichard Eaton than to say that I have placed "The Actor's Heritage" on the same shelf that shelters my dusty, old, and well-beloved edition of the "Essays of Elia."

Carl Friedrich Georg Spitteler, veteran poet and essayist of Switzerland, died on December 27 in Lucerne. Born in Liestal, he was educated at Basle, Zurich, and Heidelberg Universities, and had a long and brilliant literary career which was crowned in 1919 by the award of the Nobel Prize for literature. His chief works were essays, all written in German, and his epic poems, "Prometheus and Epimetheus," and "Olympian Spring." He wrote in addition an autobiographical novel, "Imago," and numerous ballads and short tales.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENET.....*Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*

Published weekly by Time, Inc., Henry R. Luce, President, Henry S. Canby, Vice-President; Briton Hadden, Secretary-Treasurer, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, $3; in Canada, $3.50; in Great Britain, 16 shillings; elsewhere, $4. For advertising rates, address Noble A. Cathcart, Advertising Manager, Roy E. Larsen. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1924, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. I. Number 24.
Copyright, 1925, by The Saturday Review of Literature.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Utility of Fictions

THE PHILOSOPHY OF "AS IF." By H. VAIHINGER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1924. $1.50.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN
Columbia University

THIS book is said to be one of the most widely read philosophical books in Germany at the present time. It has for a generation been known to philosophical students, and has been made known to thousands of laymen through the admiring references to it made by Havelock Ellis. An English translation is very welcome indeed, and the philosophically literate public has reason to be grateful to the publishers of the fine but doubtless profitless International Library of Philosophy and Psychology. One is inclined to wonder and guess a little at the popularity of the book in Germany. One of its sources of appeal is doubtless that, though completely emancipated from Kantianism, a deal of it moves in precisely that Kantian language still so dear to the educated German public.

What gives the book its chief interest to the general reader is the oblique and revealing light it throws on the whole history of thought. The complex of ideas in the volume has a forbidding technical dress and an almost absurd omnivorousness of allusion. It is the familiar German method—or madness—of tracing every theme into the remotest corners of history, religion, art, science, and metaphysics. But the points made are essentially simple and convincing.

Dr. Vaihinger's doctrine would have seemed more startling thirty years ago, before American readers had learnt to take pragmatism and all other forms of relativism without blinking. He shows that thought is primarily a biological function turned into a conscious art. It is an art of adjustment, whose chief instrument is the construction of fictions by which men may manage to live. Thought is to be tested not by correspondence to an objective reality (that fiction is neatly disposed of) nor by its mirroring in consciousness an objective external world. Thought is to be tested by its fruits. The constructions of thought are not copies of or transcripts of reality; they are programs, guess-work plans; possible programs for operation. Their validity is to be measured not by verisimilitude but by value. The fruits of thought are not "true," but especially where they are false, it may be important to act *as if* they were true. Readers of James's "Pragmatism" will recall that in his chapter on the Nature of Truth, James has precisely the same doctrine. He may well have been thinking of Vaihinger, for he employes the phrase "as if" with precisely the same intent.

Vaihinger's chief originality consists in his defining of fictions and his distinction of fictions from hypotheses on the one hand, and from dogmatisms on the other. An hypothesis is a tentative discovery about the universe; a fiction is a deliberate, often clearly false and internally contradictory invention of thought. An hypothesis can be verified by facts; a fiction never can, and can at most and only be justified by action. Evolution is the hypothesis that man is descended from the lower animals. We assume that we can indirectly turn to the remote facts which would justify that hypothesis. But the concept of infinity in the calculus, the atom and the ether in physics, the economic man in Adam Smith, are deliberate self-contradictory fictions, and fictions at variance with all experience. But though they are not only imaginary, false to the reality they allegedly represent and logically incoherent, they nevertheless facilitate thought and proper action. They are vital lies, human conveniences. They are the faiths, the palpably false faiths, the clearly useful falsities by which we live.

This is, I believe, the essential doctrine of a rather diffuse book. There is an elaborate classification of fictions, of those that are semi-false, like artificial classifications, and those that are wholly false, like the *Ding-an-Sich*. There are the fictions employed in law, and the fictions effective in religion, and in many traditional philosophers.

The main value of this book is in its moral incidence. A recognition of the importance of fictions in life and thought is singularly emancipating. It will save the thinker from believing in his own thoughts too dogmatically. The clear mind is not a mirror of God's absolute world, but an instrument of clarification and an organ of light. God himself may be a fiction, clearly false and contradictory, but none the less a vital and fruitful lie. The discovery that fictions were fictions has led, in the past, says Vaihinger, to an abandonment of them, and a turning to other fictions believed to be truer. Pathetic and foolish adventure! What the race needs is more faith in its own effective imaginations. The myths that it has told itself, the world pictures that it has made, are not to be dismissed because they are found to be creations of the imagination. They tally with no world and they carry the canker of logical inconsistency within them. The important thing is their utility; their human scope and mortal relevance. If we ceased making fictions, we should cease altogether to be. Let us beware to plunge from fruitful fictions to less fruitful ones that masquerade as truths and are really dogmatisms.

The doctrine is exhilarating. It gives a moral warrant to the imagination, and saves the philosopher from taking himself with stupid literalness. Vaihinger's is a book to be commended to all those who still, despite Plato's warning, are literal minded in philosophy. They may not think this book is true, but it will save them much foolishness if they acted "as if" it were.

The Bible and the Present

THE MODERN USE OF THE BIBLE. By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924. $1.60.

Reviewed by the REV. ROLAND COTTON SMITH

IT seems to be taken as granted that something has happened to the Bible. Nothing has happened to the Bible, it is the same book that it has always been; nothing has been taken away from it, nothing added. The change has come in people's attitude towards it.

The Bible is a record of a people who took a crude but living idea of God and wrought Him into all the relations of their everyday life. Disobedience to the vision caused blindness, obedience to the vision brought a fuller revelation; until, in the fulness of time, they possessed the revelation of God in Jesus Christ.

The Bible is a history of the falling and rising of men, written in their blood and afterwards put into words. The words are as useless as a musical "score" until men with instruments have translated that "score" into music.

The translation of the words of the Bible back into blood has, ever since, given to man the power to live nobly and die triumphantly.

That is an indisputable truth, and out of that truth has come the conviction that the Bible is inspired; that it is a revelation of God, and that it speaks with authority. If the mind of man was willing to rest there it would save the world from much controversy, but the mind is ever ready to pass from certainties to speculation, and, in different generations men have asked the questions: How is the Bible inspired? Where does the authority rest? How shall the Bible be used?

These questions are outside of the intrinsic value of the Bible; they are open to debate and are to be answered by the different conditions of the times in which they happened to be asked.

For a long period men had settled down to the theory of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, and out of that theory they derived an unique authority. Nothing was said of it in the Bible; the life which they found in the Book was quite independent of their theory, but as long as their theory worked all went well.

In every department of life men connect their theory with the thing itself, and when their theory is demolished they seem to think that the "thing" goes with it.

For the last hundred years, many forces have been at work to upset the theory of verbal inspiration. The new approach to history; the study of comparative religions; textual criticism; the great movement towards unity of life and the mighty scientific advance have all contributed to the destruction of certain theories about the Bible. It has not been in any way an assault upon the Bible itself; the Book is the same as it has always been, the revelation of the eternal life.

This destruction of certain theories about the Bible has been of immense value to mankind for it has put in its place a conception of the Book that far transcends anything that has been known before, with a far reaching idea of inspiration, and a living conception of spiritual authority.

But the man who has connected his theory with the intrinsic value of the Book has still to be convinced. Many souls are troubled and need to be shown the modern use of the Bible which is the ancient use. Many teachers are trying to do it, and have not the scholarship; many scholars are attempting it, and they deal with the skeleton without any idea of personality or spiritual values.

And along comes a man with the training of a scholar, and the human sympathy of a man. Knowing the history of the development of ideas and also the need of the human heart, he is able to interpret the modern conception of the Bible to the modern soul, and show him the way of eternal life. That is why everyone should read the "Modern Use of the Bible," by Harry Emerson Fosdick.

Paris and After

A HISTORY OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE OF PARIS. Edited by H. W. V. TEMPERLEY. Vol. VI. New York: Oxford University Press. 1924.

Reviewed by CHARLES H. HASKINS
Harvard University

OF the many books, large and small, dealing with the Peace Conference none approaches Mr. Temperley's in fulness and comprehensiveness, in careful documentation, and in breadth of outlook and political understanding. Written in large part by men familiar with the actual course of negotiations at Paris, it preserves facts and atmosphere which might otherwise be lost, while at the same time it maintains in most cases a detachment sufficient to examine the solutions critically. Neither an apology for the treaties nor an onslaught upon them, it has that best of qualities in such a work, the sincere effort to understand and to explain. It is always informing and often illuminating. Moreover, by carrying many of the topics on into the subsequent period, it contains material of great value for the international affairs of today. Unfortunately, the work is poorly arranged, the difficulties of the coöperative method being increased by the fluidity of many of the matters treated; the volumes lack logical definition, and there is no index of proper names. The result is a sort of encyclopædia without the encyclopædia's ease of reference.

The sixth and concluding volume is chiefly devoted to the problems lying outside of Europe and to the League of Nations, yet Poland, the Baltic lands, and Bolshevik diplomacy are left over from its predecessors. Russia indeed is barely touched, not being a part of the settlement, but Poland receives due attention and Mr. H. J. Paton's discussion of her place in the negotiations shows a studious desire to be fair to Poland which has not been common with British writers on this subject. Besides Professor Lord's historical sketch of Poland, the only American contributions are Mr. Hornbeck's chapter on Shantung, still in the perspective of 1922, and the informing chapter in which Mr. Henry Barrett Learned explains to foreign readers, from the angle of the Senate and Washington, the attitude of the Senate toward the Treaty.

A third of the volume is devoted to the Near East, the region where the conference was least successful in imposing peace and temporary stability. The explanation of this constant state of flux lies partly in the conflicting interests of the great powers, partly in the rise of quasi-national movements in countries in which nationalism lacks rootage in popular education and in experience of self-government, and which accordingly hover between self-determination and mandatory status. The narrative is carried through 1922, with an epilogue on the treaty of Lausanne. The loose ends of the Egyptian settlement stick out, not least in the quotation from Lord Allenby that it is "equivalent to the establishment of a British Monroe doctrine over Egypt." Surely nothing is looser than the Monroe doctrine, even among friends!

Most readers will turn with special interest to the hundred pages on "International Developments under the League of Nations," a less detailed but meaty chapter. Here no less an authority on war than General Maurice discusses guarantees against war in terms that may well be pondered in the United States. He begins and ends:

> Clearly the best guarantee against war is to remove the causes of war . . . The Covenant does not attempt to change human nature, nor does it proclaim a new era upon earth, but it does open up a prospect of obtaining

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

better coöperation between nations and more sensible means of adjustment of conflicting interests than have yet been within reach of governments and peoples.

Isolationists should also weigh the remark that the Court of International Justice "is not an isolated institution but an essential part of the whole fabric of the League of Nations." And the editors epilogue, after a rather discouraged review of the conflict between the vagueness of Wilsonian principles and the precision of popular demands and pre-existing obligations, concludes with General Smuts that "the Covenant will stand as sure as fate. It must succeed, because there is no other way for the future of civilization."

The Art Books of Business

THIRD ANNUAL OF ADVERTISING ART. New York: Art Directors' Club of New York. 1924.

A BOOK OF AMERICAN TRADE-MARKS AND DEVICES. Compiled by JOSEPH SINEL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. $6.

Reviewed by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

EVERY year the Art Directors' Club holds an exhibition of the pictures and designs used the previous year to embellish advertising. The members of the club are the men who supervise the art work of agencies and other organizations engaged in the production of advertising matter. This exhibition is their one excursion into the world of pure art. Here the pictures they have bought for severely practical uses are judged by a jury of artists to determine whether the artist, in carrying out his utilitarian pupose, has also created a work of art. The answer seems to be that he has. The exhibitions have been commended by the highbrow critics, and Royal Cortissoz observed about the last one that it revealed an ability lacking in many a show of art for art's sake. After the exhibitions are over, the pictures and designs are reproduced in a handsome book, and this is the "Annual of Advertising Art," the third volume of which has just appeared.

The book suffers from the number of examples. There are seven hundred of them, which gives some of the pages a crowded look, the more that each picture has its own individuality. Each picture was planned to monopolize attention, to deliver a message, with the greatest economy of method. But also this imparts to the pages an effect of liveliness and variety not found in many picture books.

* * *

This would seem to indicate that pictures made for advertising have a value other than their fitness for that use. If so, it is in a measure unintentional. The art quality in them is a by-product. They are all produced under the urge of a strictly utilitarian purpose, but by no means a sordid or unenlightened purpose, and in accomplishing this purpose the art directors have turned to the best men, and have imposed as few conditions and limitations as possible. The work has been made attractive. The artists have responded to the opportunity, and the results are shown in this book.

It is consoling to learn that good taste in design, composition, color, and typography, is a better vehicle for conveying messages about homely and commonplace goods than advertising in its raw, uncouth state. If these art directors are right in believing that advertising may conceivably become an æsthetic influence, an unsightly piece of advertising matter is an error of business judgment. Already lessons learned from advertising art have been applied to the manufacture of goods. The taste that has begun to appear in the designing and packaging of products, and the dressing up of the places where they are sold, is one of the results of finding out that art has a market value. The improvement in printing that is affecting the publishing of books owes its inception to the efforts expended on advertising literature.

The fact is that advertising today is offering the greatest aid to art since the sixteenth century, when the church was its largest patron, and used the genius of the greatest artists to advertise the mysteries of religion. A great deal of the art influence that is being shown in manufacture, in the goods themselves, and in the packages in which they go to the public, has arisen from the advertising need, the impulse to make the goods good enough to justify the tone and message of the advertising. The lesson that the public responds to art suggestion, to good taste in form and color, has been taught by the advertising and has spread to the goods. But more than that advertising has given distribution to good design. The pages of magazines and newspapers offer some good things today, and no other force is so actively engaged in bringing design in picture and type before so many people.

Mr. Joseph Sinel has conceived the pleasant idea of collecting American trade-marks and reproducing them under more or less similar conditions of paper and color, and Alfred Knopf has allowed the Pynson Printers to make a beautiful book of the idea. To make his collection sufficiently large and attractive Mr. Sinel has been forced to use many marks not widely known, for it is unfortunately true that the best-known trade-marks are the least happy in the way of design. This is because they were conceived in an age when little attention was given to design, and having become valuable through years of advertising they cannot now be abandoned. It is surprising how well even the banal ones look after receiving a few touches from Mr. Sinel's brush, for each has been redrawn for the purpose. It is to be hoped that the owners of those thus improved by simplification will profit by the suggestion. A trade-mark seldom stands alone, and the poorer the design the more difficult to combine it successfully with either type matter or other designing. On the other hand, the more recent marks are the work of a new generation of business designers, and some of them are delightful business symbols. Let no manufacturer plan a new trade-mark without turning over the pages of this book. The day of a trade-mark made by the shipping clerk with a few strokes of his marking brush is over. The omission from the book of many well-known marks is significant. It means that they were so hopelessly ugly and commonplace that they would disfigure and defeat the purpose of the book, and if that is so, they have failed also in the first requisite of a successful symbol. Like the "Annual of Advertising Art," this book of trade-marks is a collection of those which pass muster as pleasing to the eye. The two books together are a measure of how far advertising has been successful in using art as an aid.

Picaro Among the Puritans

MEMOIRS OF THE NOTORIOUS STEPHEN BURROUGHS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE. With a Preface by ROBERT FROST. New York: The Dial Press. 1924. $4.

Reviewed by CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE

STEPHEN BURROUGHS was an early and excellent American rogue, born about 1765 and living a hardy, adventurous life to a green old age. Posing as a philosopher, he discussed problems of education in long, fine phrases, had much to say about "society," and still more about "natural rights," and mused on the well-known principle of "universal benevolence." In fact, he dallied with the great heresy of the day—deism. But it is doubtful whether Burroughs was any more a deist than he was a Puritan. His tongue was usually in his cheek, and magniloquence was much to his liking. These themes offered larger opportunities for a soft, beguiling rhetoric than did the sombre tenets of Calvanism. Besides, to align himself with the new philosophers—abhorred in New England at the time—was to bolster up his position as a conscious rebel. Happily, his rhetoric is amusing, and his narrative strides over the ground as rapidly as did his own tall and well-favored figure, as he travelled up and down the length of the country from New Hampshire to Georgia, dodging in and out of jail, "traversing," as he said, "the immeasurable wilds of my destiny."

As a boy he once ran twenty-eight miles without stopping; and to nimbleness and endurance he added a neat gift for impersonation. When he was abruptly withdrawn from his studies at Dartmouth, he easily assumed the rôle of a physician and shipped on a packet bound for France. The voyage was eventful; the packet was chased by an English lugger and captured a brig as a prize; Burroughs sailed homeward full of exultation and well supplied with money; his career seemed handsomely begun. But because of unjust charges he was thrown into jail upon his return and emerged penniless. Soberly he embraced the career of a teacher, and happened to fall in with a friend who "possessed those principles of integrity, that no consideration would have induced him to deprive another by stealth of any species of property except fruit, bees, pigeons, and poultry." Such trifling depredations were "only the playful wantonness of thoughtless inexperience." How playful he and his companion became does not transpire; a certain hiatus in the narrative is filled by Burroughs's affecting grief at the loss of a lady. But for some reason at this point he was constrained to change his name and journey one hundred and fifty miles down the Connecticut River, where he became a minister, fulfilling his duties with "sensible feelings of prosperity." He had a passion for change; it was perhaps inevitable that he should become absorbed in alchemy, an art which in its metaphysical aspects was attracting many learned divines of the region. This time, however, Burroughs passed lightly over abstract considerations; he was engaged by the little matter of a formula which would transform copper into silver. After discovering that he had been duped he passed a few counterfeit dollars—he had a bagful—and the outcome was unfortunate. His justification of counterfeiting, which he puts in the mouth of another, is one of the most delightful pieces of foolery in the book, unless it is his expression of regret that he would be unable to enjoy the exquisite pleasure of befriending the poor throughout the land, as he would have done had he been permitted to retire to an island with the proper equipment.

* * *

These few episodes constitute a mere prelude for a long series of adventures of which Burroughs is always the hero. Yet absorbed as he is in his own feats, his narrative always has considerable scope; other people crowd into his book, and he enlivens it with dialogue. He had a knack for delineating character—abstractly, to be sure, if the modern mode is considered, but with telling effect. His account of his contest with the minister at Bridghampton over the founding of a library—when once more he is teaching school—is a most delightful piece of small drama; subtleties on both sides are revealed, with the pull and haul of prejudice and personality in the village. And it must be noted that Burroughs persuaded certain members of that close little Puritan settlement to play "A Bold Stroke for a Wife" in the meeting-house, and induced the remainder to witness the performance. But—did he? Not the least of the enjoyments which he purveys is that of raising questions; his story is full of minor pitfalls. Indeed, he can openly admit a scandalous action, and at the same time fairly prove that he never considered such a thing. Yet the wary scholar may perhaps cull important examples of our early manners and customs from the "Memoirs." Penologists with a turn for history—and a knowledge of crooks—may find the book a tempting field; its accounts of prison life seem severely realistic. Doubtless they will be interested in the one occasion upon which Burroughs received the assistance of an admiring public. Late one night after he had been given a sentence of more than usual injustice, the doors of his prison were quietly opened, and he was allowed to pass between the ranks of more than a thousand people, all entirely silent. This little episode is modestly contained in a foot-note.

With appropriate dignity Burroughs would no doubt acknowledge, if he could, the handsome volume in which his "Memoirs" have again been given to the world, and salute Mr. Robert Frost, who has written a charming and sympathetic introduction. Will not some diligent student sift the truth from his entire story? Probably nothing would have delighted him more than to surmise that his rich compendium might be subjected to a painstaking scrutiny. In any case Burroughs might be subjected to the end, we fancy—a most engaging malefactor with a touch of the grand style.

A. Henry Savage Landor, whose death recently occurred, was a man of versatile abilities and varied experience. Travel was his passion, and his love of exploration carried him into frequent danger. He was the first white man to reach both sources of the Brahmapotia River and establish their exact position, and the first white man to explore Central Mindanao Island, where he discovered the "White tribe." His most famous exploit, however, was a journey into the Forbidden Land of Thibet during the course of which he and his companions were subjected to violent torture. His experiences on the trip are recorded in "Everywhere," his last book, an account of his life published only a few weeks before his death.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eccentric Souls

CONFLICTS WITH OBLIVION. By WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1924. $4.00.

Reviewed by GAMALIEL BRADFORD

WITH the interest in biography so widespread as it is at present, it would seem that there should be an extensive and eager public for these brilliant studies of eccentric souls. It is true that, as the author frankly admits in one instance, there is no very direct connection with immediate problems, but as he justly urges there is constant illustration of "the most fundamental of all problems, human nature itself."

All the figures studied are set solidly and substantially in their background. Professor Abbott's erudition is not only extensive and thorough, it is manageable, malleable, comes at call, without intruding itself unseasonably. You feel that he is equally and firmly at home in the England of the Tudors and of the Restoration and in the England of the nineteenth century. And his familiarity with the darker and more obscure corners of American Colonial history makes itself manifest as soon as he takes up comparatively shadowy personages like Governor Wentworth and Colonel Scott. In one or two cases it may perhaps be said that the background is a little too extensive for the ordinary reader, who is chiefly interested in drama and passion and does not care for facts or general principles. But the intelligent and judicious will not complain.

Through all this group of extremely varied characters runs a thread of unity, which is suggested in the title of the book and most interestingly developed in the preface. All of them alike were engaged in a picturesque and dauntless struggle with oblivion, somehow, somewhere to establish their names and their achievements in the memory of men, with a color and a resonance that should not die. They were not all of them very particular as to the quality of their glory, but the quantity of it appealed to them vastly, and seemed to be the thing of greatest importance in the world. And it is most fascinating to follow the shifting surge and turmoil with which in these remote or typical examples the bubbles of reputation rise up and swell and fade away.

There is Pepys, who was a great, a hard-working, a faithful public servant, and he is universally remembered as a dissolute man of the world who bared a seamy soul to the world's haggard curiosity. There is Disraeli, who glittered and sparkled, and made his contemporaries wonder, but cannot hold posterity. There is Cromwell, who seems to have made his name eternal, because he identified himself with a cause which became permanently interwoven with the whole life of his country, and there is Sir John Wentworth, who is forgotten because he identified himself with a cause that went down to deserved or undeserved defeat. There is that strange villain, Colonel Blood, burrowing in all the hideous secrets of a hideous time, sure to be found wherever crime and horror were, likely to have been forgotten altogether except for the one picturesque adventure which has united his name forever with the Tower of London and the crown of England. There is Colonel Scott, who also ran an obscure and infamous career, like Blood, and then turned up with a historical achievement, which may not have been his own at all, but just in time to settle a great international controversy two hundred years after his death. All of them, and some in very startling ways, fought the old battle with oblivion, which has always engaged the keenest efforts of humanity and always will.

And I could have wished that Professor Abbott might have elucidated a little more the effect of modern conditions on this eternal struggle. One of the greatest inventions of the nineteenth century was publicity, and the importance of the many-tongued murmur of publicity as an agent in the conflict with oblivion can hardly be over-rated.

The lesson of it all would seem to be that it is much better to live and die in simple, undistinguished, domestic content, or discontent. Yet surely every one of us knows something of what Professor Abbott justly calls the great tragedy, "that one shall ask more of life than life can give." And every one of us, good and bad, young and old, rich and poor, every one of us does detest oblivion.

The BOWLING GREEN

Between Two Chapters

BETWEEN two chapters of a task that completely absorbed him, a dream more real than any reality, a workman paused, and came (as they say) to life.

Every day (he said to himself) is an artistic whole: it comes out of nothing and goes back to nothing, like a perfect story. Even if empty, futile, or absurd, it is an orbed transaction. It is (you can't escape the phrase) rounded by a sleep. What is that word they have for people who are blundering somewhere too close to facts? Yes, morbid.

Every day, could he control his impatience, offers the workman the analogies he needs. Loneliness, self-disgust, postponement, mirth. Though he added "mirth" as an afterthought: for he suddenly realized that there are days when you don't laugh. Of course one can always laugh on a moment's notice; but he was thinking of the sudden whoops of unpremeditated cheer. Such mirth as Pan and Cupid utter, sitting on a stump, when they think of the solemn rotarians on Olympus. These dejected them from the mountain-top because they were too mischievous for heaven and kept spilling their ambrosia on the table-cloth. (Bibs had not been invented.) So, with no place in heaven they had to suffer on earth as though they were men. They found it more fun: no wonder they laugh.

The workman saw it was difficult to keep his mind from going back to that crystalline abyss between the chapters. Yet he felt it wrong to go back at that moment: for the task was one in which reason, calculation, sense, could play little part. It had to be dreamed. Every man is sometimes interrupted in the course of his doings by a fit of brooding. But think of a task that is entirely brooding. He refreshed himself by adhering to that thought that every day offers the analogies one needs.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

This workman had had, in one day, not less than six adventures. (1) A friendly parson had told him that another parson had told *him* "Every preacher should read 'Typhoon'." This turned on a bulb in the workman's mind: a whole chain of colored bulbs, as on a Christmas tree. (If one goes out they all go dark). Yes indeed: every preacher ought to read "Typhoon": he had never thought of it as theological fable before. But it is, now isn't it? (2) He was savage to a dog that had erred. This was a rambling dog of less than no reputation who had, at a critical passage of the workman's reverie, interrupted him by a gross misbehavior—which was not, perhaps, its "fault." (Imagine talking of a dog's "fault." I can hear Pan cackling on his stump). He chastised the poor brute, thrust it out into a very cold night. Soon he was troubled and went on the porch to whistle. But there was no answer. This set him reading Meredith: he remembered the poem about thrashing a dog. It is not a well-known poem, for Meredith marred it by stilted lingo. He thrashed the English language as well as the dog. He was not so good, maybe, at the simpler moralizings. His extraordinary jargon required subtler themes for its felicity. Take "Lord Ormont and His Aminta": magnificent passages, but how perilously close to Ouida is the general flavor.

(3) He saw a cat come up from the cellar and find unexpected scraps of fish in her plate. She flung herself upon them with a passion that revived his admiration of life. She crouched (her little propped elbows showing the lighter fur) purring and guzzling in ecstasy. He imagined how a tiger would look at a similar feast. (4) A child four years old, wearing only her shirt, was standing at a basin gravely washing her hands. He told her that a letter had come for her; that when she was ready for bed it would be read to her. She gave him brown eyes of solemn excitement. "And then I can have it?" she said. (5) He was chopping a dead tree, by a frozen pond. The sharp axe shore clean patterny slants into the pink wood. "She must have some of the noble flavor of wood-cutting," he said, thinking of someone in the task he was working on. "I've dipped her too far in darkness." (6) He woke from a dream. I will tell you the dream.

There was a tropical sand-beach; and for some unknown reason it was imperative that he and another man should swim, at once, to the town that could be seen a mile or so away across the water. The town was on cliffs that were lilac against sunset; a lighthouse winked jewel-pale in the honey-colored light. Others were on the beach, hastening them on. They had run down to look for a row-boat, which wasn't there. They must swim. There was no inkling as to the nature of the danger, but there was instant necessity. They waded into the water, which was shallow so that they had to wade a long way, the other man a little ahead. The sandy bottom was heavy and sticky, the water in that ruddy light seemed thick and viscid. It was full of strange weeds, ferns, clinging sponges of vegetation; there was a feeling of crabs. At last the water was deep enough for swimming, but as they threw themselves forward for the struggle it seemed like liquid glue. They toiled and threshed in that warm slow element, like flies in molten amber; the level sun gilded them with mocking light, the distant cliffs deepened to violet, night was onward. The other man drew slowly, slowly ahead. It was impossible, it couldn't be done, it ended.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Among the thousand haunting analogies of every day, how is the workman to choose those which will minister to his job? Well, that is his affair. Reasoning can help little. He ensues that "selected proportioned illusion of life" of which Walter de la Mare spoke in his lecture on The Supernatural in Fiction. He cannot compete with life itself in its fecundity. Just as psychic or physical shocks happening to the gravid woman will have their effect on the unborn child, so is it with a writer in travail.

It is a hard doctrine (said the workman, as he timidly returned toward that strange emptiness lying between the ink and the vision) but it seems as though every day is the microcosm. Every day, from toothpaste to toothpaste, is an artistic whole; it offers the fables we need if we have the courage to scan them. There, at the edge of his crystalline abyss he stands waiting the uncalculable bridge of dream: and the work itself must be rounded by a sleep. What was it Anatole France said? "No book is worth writing if you can completely understand it."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Harry Worcester Smith, of Lordvale, Worcester, Mass., has printed, for private circulation, a charming edition of "The Warwick Woodlands," by Frank Forester (Henry William Herbert). Herbert, although born an Englishman, was generally accepted as the greatest writer on American field sports of the Nineteenth Century. As a matter of fact, when one considers the wide range of his writings and the charm of his style, it may be safely said that the present century has produced no one to equal him. His monumental "Horse and Horsemanship of the United States" in two volumes, illustrated by steel portraits and wood engravings by F. O. C. Darley, which was published about the middle of the Nineteenth Century, has never been superseded as an authority in its own field. Besides "The Warwick Woodlands," Frank Forester wrote many other volumes on shooting, fishing, and sport of various kinds. He was also the author of several novels which enjoyed considerable vogue in their day.

In his sporting library at Lordvale Harry Worcester Smith has probably the most complete collection of Frank Forester's books in existence, comprising every edition obtainable. This is the second reprint of "The Warwick Woodlands" for which Mr. Smith is responsible. In 1920 he published the Warwick Valley edition, which was a reprint of The Warwick Woodlands as published in 1851 by Stringer and Townsend, the first illustrated edition of the book, which was originally published in 1845.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Under direction of Professor Robert F. Fuerster and financed by a $60,000 contribution from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Princeton University has collected in the last two years one of the largest and most exhaustive libraries dealing with the labor problem. It contains 11,500 books, pamphlets and other publications, forming a special section of the university library.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harcourt, Brace & Company
New York

"The best novel of the year."
—N. Y. Evening Post.

E. M. Forster's

A Passage to India

Its Record!

1st printing—August
2nd printing—August
3rd printing—August
4th printing—September
5th printing—October
6th printing—October
7th printing—November
8th printing—December
9th printing—December
10th printing—December

$2.50

PLUMES

By Laurence Stallings

A post-war novel by one of the authors of "WHAT PRICE GLORY," that many like better than the play.

6th printing. $2.00

Leon Bazalgette's

Henry Thoreau:

BACHELOR OF NATURE

Translated by
Van Wyck Brooks

A new biography with all the charm and richness of Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria" and Maurois' "Ariel."

"A great love story—the story of a man who loved the earth." —*N. Y. World.*

"As a work of art the book is a masterly performance."—*N.Y. Sun.* $3.00

BOOKS OF THE SEA

Under Sail
By Felix Riesenberg $3.00

Magellan
By Arthur Hildebrand $2.75

Blue Water
By Arthur Hildebrand $3.00

ANTHOLOGIES OF MODERN VERSE
by Louis Untermeyer

Modern British Poetry
Modern American Poetry
Cloth, $2.00 Each
Limp Leather, the Set, $5.00

This Singing World
An Anthology of Children's Verse
Illustrated, $3.00

Books of Special Interest

French Etching

A HISTORY OF FRENCH ETCHING. By F. L. LEIPNIK. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1924. $12.50.

Reviewed by PAUL J. SACHS
Fogg Art Museum

AS a work of synthesis this handsome, richly illustrated volume of 190 pages and 106 plates arrests our attention. A careful reading of and testing of its contents will not, in spite of minor errors and occasional inaccuracies, disappoint the reader who comes to it without preconceived notions of what a work on "French Etching" ought to be, or conceivably might be.

The author, although thoroughly familiar with his material and the whole corpus of French Prints, does not aim to do for the French field what those very best of all catalogues produced by the scholars of the British Museum do in such masterly and authoritative fashion for the patient student of Early Italian Engraving, or Primitive German Woodcuts. Nor does Mr. Leipnik pretend to combine the graceful qualities of a sensitive man of letters with the sprightly originality of a print expert, as only Ivins of the Metropolitan Museum has in recent years taught us to expect whenever he sets his learned and fluent pen to paper. None the less this substantial volume is a welcome addition to the growing print literature of our day. Among the works in English it takes its place alongside of those books of reference that are useful to the specialist, even though obviously designed for the amateur and collector.

In the preface we are put on our guard:—"The principal aim of this book is to serve as a guide and assist collectors in the selection and classification of plates." In spite of the inclusion of a few essays on such interesting figures as Callot, Claude Loraine, Meryon, Legros, Manet, and Forain—in short, the most notable of the French etchers from the Renaissance to our own day,—this is not a volume that most print lovers will care to read from cover to cover at one sitting. It is rather a book to be confidently consulted at the moment of placing some little known treasure into the beloved solander boxes, so that specific data presented clearly and in concise form may be noted on the white mount.

Its well printed pages teem with information about many of the distinctly secondary figures that crowd the stage during four and a quarter centuries. In a word Leipnik aims to do in restricted fashion for France, and for etching only, what Hind in his admirable "Short History of Engraving and Etching" does for all countries in the two fields. Leipnik's book thus serves as a useful supplement to the necessarily too brief accounts of minor French etchers in Hind's standard work.

The book affords ample evidence that a close acquaintance with their works has enabled the author to understand and appreciate the aims of the many artists he lists, but we regret that he fails to make clear to the uninitiated collector by as much as a technical hint how characteristic etched results that he delights in are actually achieved. We stress this because his comments might in many instances apply quite as well to paintings, wood engravings, or lithographs. To be sure, we are warned at the outset. "Some readers," he says, "may expect hints on technical matters. I do not propose to supply them." We venture to believe, however, that in any consideration of the etched work of an artist some account should be taken of his manner of using his lines; some account of drawing and composition; some account of the ideas he stresses. Mr. Leipnik devotes ten pages of his one hundred and ninety to Callot, and says: "It is the problem of light which occupies him constantly." And yet the illustrations of Callot's work can not in themselves serve to make clear to the novice the means that Callot employed to produce the effect of light. Even in a non-technical work why not mention the fact that Callot used a series of bitings—the very thing for which he was especially important in the history of etching since he was one of the first, if not the first, to establish the practice.

The inclusion of a carefully prepared bibliography is one of the most useful features of this welcome work of reference.

A Royal Road

BOYS' OWN ARITHMETIC. By RAYMOND WEEKS. Illustrations by USABAL New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924. $2.00.

Reviewed by CASSIUS J. KEYSER
Columbia University

HERE is a book that will gladden the hearts and brighten the eyes of millions of boys if they get a chance to read it. And they will get the chance if their fathers and mothers and their other teachers discover the book and learn what it really is.

It is not a book of arithmetic as commonly understood. It is not one of those dead and deadening things known as textbooks. It is a living bit of literature based on arithmetic. The author makes no claim to being a mathematician, though it is evident that he could have been one had he so elected. Neither is he a professional teacher of arithmetic. He is an eminent professor of romance languages and literature in a great university. But he was a boy once, is now a father of boys, and, though mellowed with the wisdom of experience and years, he is still a boy at heart. It is that rare and amiable genius that enabled Mr. Weeks to write this book of charming stories for the amusement and education of children, causing them to learn while laughing, and to laugh while learning.

He has thus employed a most important principle of humane education. For laughter is not sub-human like eating and sleeping, for example. Laughter is a human thing.

O Laughter, divine river of joy,
Thou art the blessed boundary line
Between the beasts and men.

Nay, laughter is even divine. Did not high Olympus often ring with the laughter of the gods?

I have said that the book is literature; it is literature based on arithmetic, and the manner fits the matter as neatly as the bark fits the tree. There are more than a hundred short stories. The list of their titles is itself a poem—far more galvanic than the Iliad's famous list of ships. Here are a few samples chosen at random: Race between ten boys and a Cinnamon Bear; Opossum eating persimmons; Red mule Absolum; Smile of a crocodile; Dog scratching off fleas; Cats in Catalonia; Moving power of a hornet; The boy, the bull-dog, and the ice-cream; Standing a fraction on its head; and so on, with the range and diversity of a live boy's manifold world.

In each story there lurks an arithmetical problem; it leaps forth to challange the boy just as he finishes the reading. What grappling and battling will result, especially if two boys are playing the game together. Fortunately, not all the numbers mentioned in a given story are essential to its problem for else the boy would not have the delight of discriminating what is essential from what is not. Fortunately, the stories are not so arranged that the problems are presented in the order of increasing difficulty, for else the book would not be true to life. Neither would it be true to life if it did not set some problems whose answers are cumbrous and some that seem to be genuine but are not. The book is profusely illustrated by Usabal, who has caught its spirit of humor and fun.

AT THE MODERN BOOK-SHOP
THE FAMOUS
SUNWISE TURN
Telephone M. H. 2590
51 E. 44th Street
New York

books

We have on exhibition forty Mexican paintings in gesso on hand-adzed boards that are from one to three hundred years old.

Send for our list of 250 titles

Harper Books

NOVELS OF DISTINCTION

Julie Cane
By Harvey O'Higgins
Author of "From the Life"

"Julie Cane is one of the best American novels published in this or any season. It has page after page of keen observation, of clear seeing, and clear thinking. A fine novel which thinking people will delight in."—*Henry James Forman, International Book Review.*

$2.00

Lottery
By W. E. Woodward
Author of "Bunk"

"W. E. Woodward is a literary surgeon. His gaze penetrates to the real substance of men and their affairs as surely and impartially as an X-Ray penetrates to the bone. 'Lottery' is one of the finest psychological studies in modern writing."—*James Mitchell Clark* in *The Evening Post.*

$2.00

Isles of the Blest
By Wilbur Daniel Steele

"'Isles of the Blest' is a tremendous story, powerful and breathing life. The sweep of the story and the realism of it are two qualities which the author has made one."—*The Chicago Post.*

$2.00

R. F. D. No. 3
By Homer Croy
Author of "West of the Water Tower"

"It is a sufficient recommendation of Homer Croy's 'R. F. D. No. 3' to say that it is equal to his success of last year, 'West of the Water Tower,'" says the *New York Sun,* adding, "One of the ablest studies of middle western life yet written."

$2.00

Talk
By Emanie N. Sachs

"Remarkably acute and amusing; a book distinguished by deft characterization and a broad sense of social atmosphere," wrote *John Carter* in the *New York Times,* of this novel of a woman who listened to "talk"

$2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS
Established 1817

Read Harper's Magazine for Announcements of the better Schools and Colleges.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW READY

A great novel of the German Revolution

THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER

By BERNHARD KELLERMANN
Author of The Sea

This, the first fictional account of civilian life in war-time Germany, is a novel literally tremendous in scope and vitality, the finest work of one of the outstanding German novelists. The scene is Berlin on the eve of the downfall of the Empire. In vivid flashes we are shown the progress of disintegration throughout all classes of society. There are scenes which have the magnificence of a gigantic spectacle and passages of almost lyric beauty. An impressive, a memorable book, which will take its place among the masterpieces of war literature.

$2.50 net, Postage Extra

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Robert M. McBride & Company
Publishers New York

Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany

By M. A. DeWolfe Howe and Others

With the publication of the fifth volume of this series, Harvard University has brought to a close the collection of biographical sketches of those Harvard men who died in the World War. The set now stands as a uniquely beautiful and appropriate memorial to a group of American youth who gave their all at the greatest crisis of modern times. Volume one may still be obtained at $3.00; succeeding volumes are $4.00 each.

Harvard University Press
2 Randall Hall
Cambridge, Massachusetts

WILL ROGERS' ILLITERATE DIGEST

is now in its 65th thousand

—A BESTSELLER EVERYWHERE—

"It is all good."
—*New York Times.*
$2.00

A. & C. BONI, INC., Publishers

South of Berlin

By Harbor Allen

MUCH is being written these days about the German drama and the German stage, which, according to the most reliable critics of England and America, has outstripped Russia and become "the foremost theatre of the world." The general impression prevails, however, that the German theatre flourishes only in Berlin, the *Wasserkopf* (water-head) of Germany; and that Berlin reveals everything there is to say about the German stage just as New York encompasses everything—or nearly everything there is to say about American drama, and Paris and London epitomize France and England.

This conception is palpably false. While it is true that a large part of the new and ingenious developments of the German stage emerge in Berlin or gravitate toward it, still in cities south of the capital, some of them scarcely more than towns, are living, experimenting theatres which rank among the best in a country where good theatres and good drama are as much a part of community life as bridge and church socials in America. And from these places, which rarely if ever appear as datelines in the newspapers and magazines of the world, arise some of the strongest and most revolutionary influences on the German stage.

Almost everybody knows at least the names of Ernst Toller, whose "Masse Mensch" is soon to be produced in New York; and of Georg Kaiser, whose "From Morn to Midnight" startled America last year and who is having his *Tag* with a series of successes in the Birmingham Repertoire Theatre, in England. These plays are Berlin products. But how many people ever heard of Max Mohr, Otto Brecht, Ernst Barlach, and Fritz von Unruh, men whose works have emerged south of Berlin, but who are contributing just as decisive and original strokes toward the development of a new and freer drama? Almost everybody in dramatic circles has heard the name or seen the settings of Ernst Stern, Emil Pirchan, and Hans Rohrbach, but some of the real pathfinding in the forest of stagecraft is being done by Otto Reigbert, Walter von Wecus, and Fritz Lewy, who are unknown to foreigners because most of them stop going to the theatre when they travel south of Berlin.

Most foreigners cannot conceive that a city like Darmstadt, for instance, with only 80,000 inhabitants, should have one of the most artistic and progressive theatres in the country. Nevertheless, it is true; true not only of Darmstadt, but also of other provincial cities: Kiel, Königsberg, Düsseldorf, where some of the most exciting and important *premières* of the new German drama are produced. I need scarcely mention cities like Leipzig, Dresden, Cologne, Hamburg, and Munich, for in each of these a national theatre with a wide classical and modern repertoire and an independent stagecraft has become as indispensable as—well, let us say football in an American college.

Munich, a city with 600,000 population, offers a good instance of what is being done dramatically "south of Berlin." Munich has four state theatres and a repertoire which in breadth and diversity is nothing short of a constant wonder. All four of these subsidized theatres are sold out night after night; and in them, during a single week, one can see drama ranging all the way from miracle plays and Euripides to the latest expressionistic gymnastics of Ernst Toller, Georg Kaiser, and Eugene O'Neill; or opera sweeping all the way up from Gluck to Pfitzner and Strauss.

As for the Munich repertoire, Shakespeare is far and ahead the most popular author on the program. Schiller, in number of productions, is a poor second, although the stormy declamation, the passionate, self-pitying heroism, and the yearning for freedom in such characters as Karl von Mohr ("Die Raüber") and Don Carlos ("Don Carlos") are dear to the heart of the German audience in these sombre, troubled times.

Within a single week of the present season in Munich as many as five different Shakespeare plays have been produced. The *regisseur* seems to have a special fondness for the minor Shakespearian comedies, which accounts for the staging of "Much Ado About Nothing," "Measure for Measure," "Comedy of Errors," and "Love's Labor Lost." "Twelfth Night," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Taming of the Shrew," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "As You Like It" get at least one performance a month. Of the heavier Shakespeare plays "Macbeth," "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Julius Cæsar," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Richard II" are brought out from the scenery magazines more or less regularly.

The Germans call Shakespeare "our Shakespeare;" and, indeed, the plays one sees in Munich are scarcely an Englishman's work. I fear the Munich *Oberregisseur* is unaware of the epithet "gentle Shakespeare." Here they seize him heartily with both hands—not without affection, to be sure—and they gallop him through a process which converts him into a burly, plump, lively German. They inject into him a genial German *Gemühtlichkeit* and a lusty German conviviality. He is not necessarily the worse for the treatment—I am trying to be fair; but, I must admit, to the American observer he is vastly changed.

The Shakespearian comedies are nearly always done up in slap-stick style; the inn scenes are explosions of turbulent, drunken mirth; the heroines are buxom *deutsche Mädel;* such characters as Shallow, Slender, Elbow, Don John, and Grumio become grotesque, with straggled wigs, cracked and falsetto voices, scarecrow gestures, and bill-poster costumes. In short, they are depicted as genuine Elizabethan buffoons, probably as Shakespeare meant them to be, for he knew well enough the taste of the groundlings at the Globe. But though they may be Elizabethan, and genuine, and robust they are a bit painful to the American auditor, brought up on a less boisterous fare of comedy. After all, comedy is a stranger to the native German stage. There are only four great comedies in the whole of German dramatic literature; and neither Lessing, Grillparzer, Kleist, nor Hauptmann succeeded in writing what we, who know Congreve, Sheridan, Wilde, and Shaw, would call a really brilliant and amusing play. The German national character, unfortunately, is too devoid of that healthy skepticism and that detached self-criticism which produces subtle, satirical comedy.

In the more sombre Shakespearian dramas, the Munich theatres are less disturbing, but also less convincing. Critics throughout Germany today are lamenting the lack of actors who can perform the classic plays in the traditional German classic style. First of all, the times are unheroic and inappropriate; and secondly, most of the actors have been broken by the last two decades of drably conversational plays, problematic and Sudermannic. Consequently, "Macbeth," "Othello," "Hamlet" are read with a faltering rhythm and artificial pathos, and are suffused with a note of martyrdom and self-pity which vitiate their tragedy.

Schiller's "Don Carlos," "Maria Stuart," "Wilhelm Tell," "Cabale und Liebe" and "Die Ræuber" fare little better than Shakespeare, as far as the classic style is concerned; though they are sometimes rescued by the tenderness and charm of Fraulein Emmy Pregler and Frau Hagen. Gœthe is seldom produced. It is Germany's great tragedy that the Gœthe spirit has been partially—if not wholly—replaced by the Hitler spirit. The openmindedness, the tolerance, the understanding of the Sage of Weimar is hard to find in the reich today; in its stead is a blatant, bigoted, insolent Hitlerism which alienates and antagonizes the foreigner, however much he may be prepared to sympathize with Germany's very actual suffering.

Shaw is never absent from the Munich repertoire, and with a certain class of theatre-goer, "the smart-set," is always popular. In the past winter I have seen here his "Pygmalion," "Katherine, the Great," "Arms and the Man," "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," "You Never Can Tell," and "Androcles and the Lion." Translated into German Shaw loses much of his quick, glittering stab, but he is still more amusing than the native plays.

Oscar Wilde is also a popular foreign author; and strangely enough, old Kit Marlowe holds the boards with "Edward II" and "Tamburlaine." Eugene O'Neill is soon to be added to the list of English-language authors with "Kaiser Jones," "Anna Christie," and "Der Haarige Affe" (The Hairy Ape).

From this account it will be seen that the real glory of the Munich theatres lies in the courage and the high standard of their repertoire.

SCRIBNERS

Charles Scribner's Sons

announce the publication of

TWICE THIRTY

SOME SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNALS OF THE ROAD

By

Edward W. Bok

Author of
"The Americanization of Edward Bok"

From page 215:

"I heard a voice say, 'Oh, it's you, is it?' and President Roosevelt stood by. 'I've been wondering for the past fifteen minutes who was back of that book. What is it you're reading?' and his hand went out for the book.

"'Oh, yes, I've heard of it,' he said. 'Any good?' . . .

"Then he turned to the chapter heads in the table of contents, and looked them over. 'Oh, yes, I must get that and read it,' and then he added: 'The table of contents is about the best guide I know of to a book. It beats the critics for me, as to whether I want to read it or not.'"

Here is a list of the chapter titles of TWICE THIRTY. *Judge the book by Theodore Roosevelt's method.*

WHY THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN
ON BEING BORN
THE CHILD WITH THE INQUIRING MIND
MY FRIEND, THE TRUCK DRIVER
THAT MUFFLER AT DUBERNELL'S
THE TALE OF A TAIL
"FROM PAPER, PEN AND INK"
IN PURSUIT OF THE GREAT
THE HANDS THAT WROTE THEM
"AN EXPERIENCE YOU KNOW NOT OF"
"MY OWN FOUR WALLS"
AN EXPERIMENT WITH TWO LIVES
"WHICH GRAIN WILL GROW"
WHEN YOUTH AND GREATNESS MEET
THE TWENTY-SIXTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
THE JOYS OF THE ROAD AND THE ROSTRUM
MY MOST UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE
A GENTLEMAN AMONG THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD
"WELL, I DIDN'T KNOW THAT!"
DO WE REALLY DO THINGS?
THE WORST BIRTHDAY IN A MAN'S LIFE
WHEN TOM WENT TO FRANCE
YOUR NEIGHBOR AT AN ENGLISH TABLE
THE MAN WHO SAW THE SEA
THE PRESIDENT
TWICE-BORN IN TWICE THIRTY
AFTER FIVE YEARS OF "PLAY"
"OUT OF TOUCH" IN FLORIDA
THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T SELL HIS FATHER
"IT CAN'T BE DONE"
WHY
THE AMERICAN PEACE AWARD
IS IT WORTH WHILE?
WITH WHICH I CLOSE
THE BOOK OF THE PAST AND THIS BOOK
BUT——

$4.50 at all bookstores

597 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Literature

Georg Brandes

UIMODSTAAELIGE (Not to be Resisted). By GEORG BRANDES. Copenhagen, Gyldendal. 1924.

Reviewed by Julius Moritzen

AT the age of eighty-three, the noted Danish critic adds one more work to his long list of books on European life and letters which, with the death of Anatole France, unquestionably establishes Georg Brandes as the sole surviving member of a school that has influenced modern literature far beyond the indications of the present day. In the instance of his latest work which, as he writes, is a "plunge into the France of the eighteenth century, its joy in living, its levity," Brandes returns to that delightful style which blends so fittingly with his subject matter. Here he presents some of those characters whom history takes care of politically. It has been left for Georg Brandes, however, to treat them in a lighter vein, to give emotion free rein, to expose to the light of day some of those affairs of the heart that made of the eighteenth century in France one vast pleasure ground, though the guillotine ran red with blood as the aristocracy went to the block with undisturbed mien and uncomplaining.

No one word in the English language can adequately care for the title of this book, though the nearest approach would be "Irresistibles": those not to be resisted. Among those whom Brandes would place in the front rank among the irresistible of the France of that day are Moritz of Saxony, Richelieu, and Armand Louis de Gontaut-Biron, Duke of Lauzun. It is, in fact, the latter who concerns Brandes chiefly, since of the 148 pages of the book more than a hundred are devoted to the life and *amours* of this Lauzun who was a friend of Washington and who at the close of his military experiences under the great liberator wrote his memoirs. They were the chief sources from which Brandes drew the captivating material that went into the narrative telling of the erotic exploits of the man before whom all women bowed low, and whose favors were considered the greatest to be obtained.

Brandes is of the opinion that the woman who occupied him more than any other of the sex was the Marquise of Coigny, and that apparently it was for the purpose of interesting her with revelations of his eventful career that he penned these memoirs. But curiously enough, nothing is said in these recollections of his relations with the marquise. They treat of the period from Lauzun's birth in 1747 until 1783. Consequently Aimée de Coigny has not as yet crossed his path sufficiently for inclusion here.

Brandes takes issues with Edmond de Goncourt for the latter's literary treatment of Lauzun in his relations with Marie Antoinette. The Danish critic insists that the queen's confidence in Lauzun remained unshaken, and that in spite of what was done to inspire distrust, Marie Antoinette had warm feelings for the handsome young man who stood in such a striking contrast to the dull Dauphin, to whom she was married when only fourteen.

All together, says Brandes, some 39 women interested Lauzun during the 36 years covering his memoirs. But this, says the critic, should not be considered an exceptionally long list since "many a man who was not considered irresistible, and who never was a woman-hunter can show a larger number." He mentions Richelieu, who at the age of 92 still proved fascinating to the gentler sex, but in contrast to Richelieu, adds Brandes, Lauzun had something really romantic in his sentimental experiences.

Next to the Marquise de Coigny it was the Princess Czartoryska who, at first treating his advances with chilly indifference, finally fell captive to the ardent Frenchman. Only a Brandes it would seem, is able to treat of these episodes as logically correct when considering the mental atmosphere surrounding the aristocracy of eighteenth-century France. Nearing his eighty-fourth year the Danish writer still possesses that intense energy for literary expression which a few years ago found an outlet with his "Michelangelo." In his case the style is very largely the man, but his ability to enter the past and drag from the dusty archives new and fascinating things, as in the instance of his latest work, has seldom been equalled and must perforce continue to write the name of Georg Brandes in large and glittering letters on the European horizon of literature.

Foreign Notes

A VOLUME that should prove of large value to students of seventeenth century France has just been issued by Hippolyte Roy under the title, "La Vie, La Mode, et la Costume au XVIIe Siecle, Epoque Louis XIII." (Paris: Champion.) M. Roy has gone to the archives and chronicles of the court of Lorraine for his material, and has neglected no details of the processes and incidentals of the elaborate costume of the period. His narrative takes up textiles, jewelry, perfumery and all that went into the wardrobe of the time. It is a valuable note upon the history of the century.

That the Byron centennial should have called forth volumes in the foreign countries in which the poet has so long held a place of importance as well as in England, was but natural, and it was likewise to be expected that some of these publications should be of considerable interest. A work that is well worth the reading not long since made its appearance from the pen of Arturo Farinelli. His "Byron e il Byronismo" (Bologna: Zanichelli) is a careful and well-proportioned work, which views the poet with more detachment than most of the criticism of his own country has been able to achieve.

General Suchomlinov's "Erinnerungen" (Berlin: Hobbing), which have appeared in German in advance of their publication in Russian, contain much material of interest to the historian in their comment on Russian military and political affairs during the period of their author's public service. The book, as a matter of fact, covers the entire life of the Russian Minister of War of 1914, but its importance lies in the matter relating to opening period of the Great War, its discussion of reforms in the Russian Army between the close of Russo-Japanese War and 1914, and its account of the Franco-Russian protocols of 1911, 1912 and 1913, which are reprinted verbatim.

M. Henry Cochin, the French Italian scholar, is engaged at present in preparing for publication the correspondence of his father, which extends over a period of nearly thirty years (1843-1872.) "It will interest Americans, I think," Mr. Cochin writes to a friend in this country, "for my father was a great admirer of the United States where he had several acquaintances."

A French novelist of considerable promise has made his appearance in France with the publication of Bernard Barbey's "Le Coeur Gros" (Paris: Grasset). His book is a psychological tale, worked out with considerable subtlety and understanding and displaying a good sense of dramatic values.

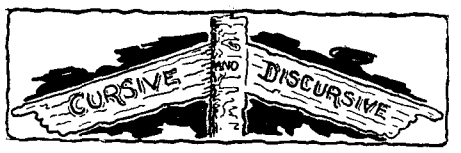
A book which art libraries and students of art should be glad to welcome has recently appeared in Enrico Somare's "Masaccio" (Milan: Bottega di Poesia). The volume contains an interesting essay on the artist and his work, and a comprehensive presentation of the little contemporary documentary material upon him which exists. It is lavishly illustrated.

A reader writes asking the origin of the lines:

O for a Booke and a shadie nooke,
  eyther in-a-doore or out;
With the grene leaves whisp'ring overhede,
  or the Streete cryes all about.
Where I maie Reade all at my ease,
  both of the Newe and Olde;
For a jollie goode Booke whereon to looke,
  is better to me than Golde.

It appears that they first appeared in Alexander Ireland's "Book Lover's Enchiridion," 1883, credited to "Old English Songe." The late John Wilson, a London bookseller, told the late Austin Dobson, the English poet, that he wrote the octave as a motto for one of his second-hand book catalogues. Mr. Dobson, who was curious as to the origin of the lines, said that "Mr. Wilson was one of the elder race of booksellers, who, like the late Bertram Dobell of Charing Cross Road, loved books almost too well to sell them. He was an intelligent man, very well read; and I fully believed him."

A Byron exhibition at the Grolier Club of first editions and manuscripts, in commemoration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the poet's death, beginning December 19 and ending January 10, has attracted a great deal of attention, interest steadily growing from the first day to the last.



NEW YORKERS may consider Newark quite out of the world, but a certain showing of miniature books at the Newark Public Library, which is held under the auspices of The Carteret Book Club of Newark and will not be over until January 17th, seems to us of especial interest. *Wilbur Macey Stone* sends us his brochure about it. W. M. S. is the happy possessor of many enchanting miniature books. If you will climb to the third floor of the Newark Public Library you will see a unique exhibition of the diminutive. As Mr. Stone says the diminutive has always had its especial place. "The Kyloe cow and the Shetland pony were beloved by our ancestors and the toy dog is a favorite today." Even so with books.

Mr. Stone goes on to tell us that some of the most beautiful manuscript volumes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are not above three inches in height. "In the seventeenth and eigtheenth centuries wee books appeared like flocks of butterflies." And so forth. Mr. Stone's collection is representative of the art of the miniature book for the past four and a half centuries.

"The smallest type ever made," we learn, "is called 'fly's eye' and is two points high." There is an edition of *Dante's* Divine Comedy containing five hundred pages in this minute type. You will find an interesting collection of miniature Bibles in several languages in the exhibition, and the bindings of the tiny volumes are of especial interest.

When we set that English egg poem rolling, we started something. The latest additional impetus is given it by *G. B. Birrel* of Hyattsville, Maryland. He writes:

You celebrate a deathless egg
But my demure muse is content
With one—not quite that old, I beg—
Fried on both sides. Oh Excellent!
You praise or dispraise its austere
Aloofness from the faults of flesh;
I only know—that they are dear,
This winter, if they're strictly fresh!

There is a series of Feast Day celebrations called The Poets' Calendar which will run the first week of every month, beginning with January, from half-past three until six o'clock at Christadora House, 147 Avenue B, between 9th and 10th Streets. This series is arranged by the distinguished American poet, *Anna Hempstead Branch.* The number of guests is limited to thirty each day. Therefore you are urged to write in advance if you wish to attend, enclosing one dollar for a card of admission on a specified date. On each occasion some writer of distinction will be the guest of honor and will read from his own works. To get to Christadora House you take either the 8th Street Crosstown or the 10th Street Ferry car and get off at Avenue B.

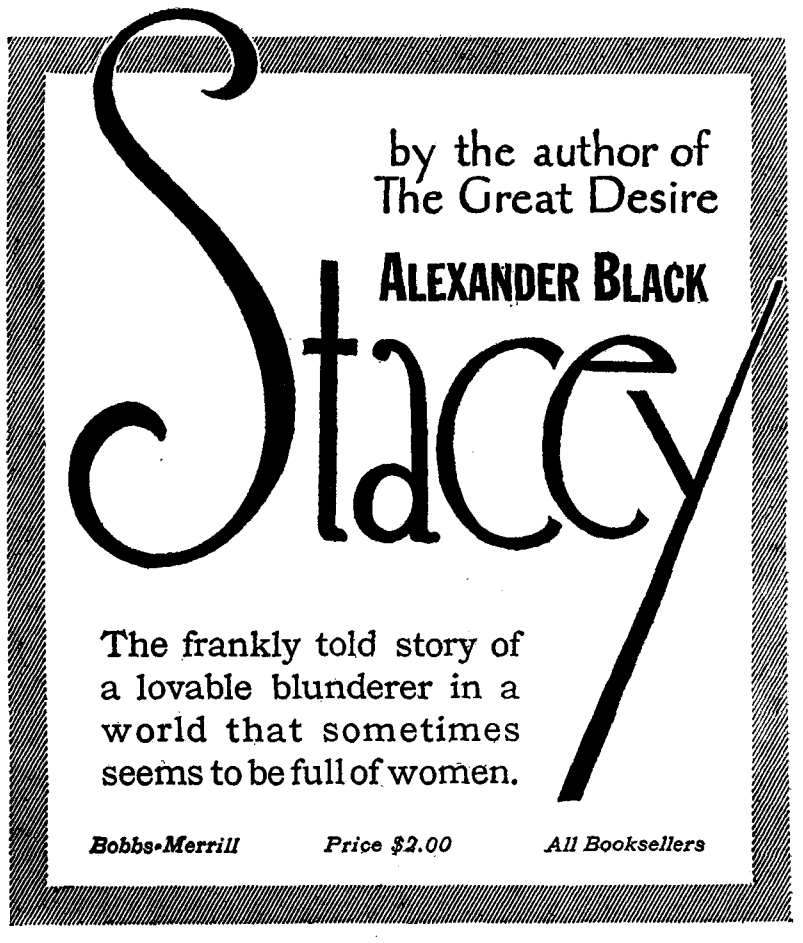
Zane Grey, whose new novel "The Thundering Herd" is just out, started, the second week in December, with cowboys, wild horse hunters, and Indians, on a great deer drive through the Grand Canyon. The party expected to drive five or ten thousand deer from the north rim down the Canyon, across the Colorado River and up the south side. News of just how many emerged has not reached us. Mr. Grey's new book, however, does not concern deer herds but, on the other hand, herds of bison, and tells the story of the destruction of the buffalo that once darkened the western plains.

For book publication *Sinclair Lewis* has telescoped the magazine title of his new novel simply to "Arrowsmith." The amount of material in it would furnish forth a dozen ordinary novels. The cast of characters is bulky, there are characters drawn from medical schools, Dakota wheatfields, middle western cities, laboratories, the West Indies, and from New York society. Lewis has gone in for quantity production! March 5th is the date on which you should stand in line for your copy of the book.

This Spring two new books by *Virginia Woolf* will be published in America, the first a novel, "Mrs. Dalloway," the second a volume of essays entitled, "The Common Reader." Virginia Woolf is the daughter of *Leslie Stephen.* She began with reviewing and critical work, and *Clive Bell,* for one, thinks her critical essays ought to be collected. As to her stories the same critic believes "The Mark on the Wall" "perfect of its kind." But "Jacob's Room" is the remarkable novel most of us will remember, of unusual elliptical brilliance.

Have you read the journal of the author of "Maria Chapdelaine"? *William Aspenwall Bradley* has translated it under the title "The Journal of *Louis Hémon.*" It records a sensitive Frenchman's impressions on visiting for the first time the lost province of Quebec. The notes for the book were jotted down when Hémon was gathering material for his novel.

Number 32 West 8th Street has not been a bar for a long time, but now it is a book-shop. Among the ghosts of bottles has been reared "The Sign of the Unicorn." *Mistress Frances Midner* is the literary barmaid. Gay's "Fables" ensconce themselves where the pretzels were. And then, up at 12 West 47th Street, *Stanley Nott* has a new shop of first editions and prints, his window being lately adorned by one of those incomparable toy theatres from the shop in London where *R. L. S.* bought "Penny Plain and Tuppence Coloured." And yet again, the permanent trace of the artists and workmen under *Norman Bel-Geddes,* who created the scenic effects in "The Miracle" is to remain in the new Coffee House of *Alice Foote MacDougall,* also on West 47th Street just off Fifth Avenue. This haunt, "The Piazzetta," was opened on New Year's Eve. It is something quite different from anything you have ever encountered.


by the author of
The Great Desire
ALEXANDER BLACK
Stacy
The frankly told story of a lovable blunderer in a world that sometimes seems to be full of women.
Bobbs-Merrill
Price $2.00
All Booksellers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcement

During the late winter and the early spring the House of Putnam offers a list of books remarkable for its variety and quality, not alone on the side of literary excellence and interest, but also on the mechanical side—in the mere business of making handsome books. Last year's list included such beauties as GALAPAGOS by William Beebe and VOYAGING by Rockwell Kent. There are many gems in the new list.

On the side of Biography and Memoirs there will be WITH PEN AND BRUSH AND CHISEL by *Emil Fuchs,* a book which embraces the memories of an artist the list of whose friends reads like a union of Who's Who, and The *Almanac de Gotha;* LIVES AND TIMES by *Meade Minnigerode,* author of the enchanting and ridiculous FABULOUS FORTIES, which contains four studies of characters out of postcolonial days: *Theodosia Burr, William Eaton, Citizen Genet* and *Stephen Jumel;* A KING IN THE MAKING by *Genevieve Parkhurst* which is a biographical study of the gentleman who recently paid us a visit as *Baron Renfrew*: and *THE ROAR OF THE CROWD by James J. Corbett,* former heavyweight champion of the prize ring and known widely as *"Gentleman Jim."*

There is also a biography of *IRVING BERLIN,* "King of Jazz," by his most sincere admirer *Alexander Woollcott;* a sprightly study of SAMUEL PEPYS (the unexpurgated) by *Lucas-Dubreton* who writes of the master diarist from a point of view spicily Gallic; and THE HUMAN TOUCH, a reflective and philosophic book by *Lyman Powell* dealing with lives and times of today.

(These are a few)

In the realm of belles lettres *Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch* contributes his new book ADVENTURES IN CRITICISM, and His Excellency *Jules J. Jusserand,* one called A SCHOOL FOR AMBASSADORS.

In the famous Loeb Classical Library the *Benjamin Bickley Rogers* translation of ARISTOPHANES is offered for the first time in a popularly priced edition.

The list of Travel and Natural History includes MY JUNGLE, a new book by *William Beebe,* dealing with his adventures in science and exploration in South America and a fascinating book on the western coast of South America called BIRD ISLANDS OF PERU by *R. C. Murphy,* one of the greatest living ornithologists.

Hilaire Belloc is the author of a new SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLAND in four volumes, the first of which will be issued in the spring, and *George MacAdam,* well-known newspaper man, has contributed a charming history of THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER.

On the fiction side there is NUMEROUS TREASURE, a new book by *Robert Keable;* BACKFURROW, a remarkable first novel by *G. E. Eaton,* a translation by *Lewis Galantiere* of *Jean Cocteau's* LE GRAND ECART and a dozen other good ones.

It is an interesting and varied list including something for every taste and a great many books that will please almost everybody. Keep them in mind in planning your reading for the spring.

G·P·PUTNAM'S SONS
TWO WEST 45TH ST·NEW YORK

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

LANDSCAPE PAINTING. By *C. Lewis Hind.* Scribners. $8.50.

TOLSTOY ON ART. By *Aylmer Maude.* Small Maynard. $5 net.

A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE. By *Sir Banister Fletcher.* Seventh Edition. Scribners. $12.

Belles Lettres

MEN AND ISSUES. By GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER. Duffield. 1924. $2.50.

A wide field of subjects is included in this selection of the Senior Pennsylvania Senator's speeches and articles. They range from his most significant official utterances during issues of vital and timely import on the floor of the Senate to memorial tributes in commemoration of the great historic dead, and addresses delivered before patriotic, commercial, press, and educational bodies. The prevailing note in all of them is of a clear thinking and rugged uprightness, a single devotion to the broadest interests of the country's welfare, a virile reverence for the traditions of liberty and rectitude established by our forefathers. The Senator's faculty for stating his ideas is vigorously forceful, direct, penetrating. He seems to possess in abundance the qualities of an able lawyer and of a broadly cultured scholar.

LITERARY VESPERS. By *Edgar White Burrill.* Duffield. $2 net.

RED. By *Carl Van Vechten.* Knopf. $2.50 net.

Biography

A GALLERY. By *Philip Guedalla.* Putnam.

GUY PATIN. By *Francis R. Packard.* Hoeber. $4.

LIFE OF WILLIAM CONGREVE. By *Edmund Gosse.* Scribners. $2.25.

BYRO. By *Ethel Colburn Mayne.* Scribners. $5.

Drama

REPRESENTATIVE PLAYS by *Henry Arthur Jones.* Edited by Clayton Hamilton. Little, Brown. 4 vols. $2.50 net each.

THE FLATTERING WORD. By *George Kelly.* Little, Brown. $1.50 net.

MIMICK. By *Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

Fiction

INNOCENT DESIRES. By E. L. GRANT WATSON. Boni & Liveright. 1924. $2.

A quotation on title page, ("Innocent desires are those which can be satisfied with a good conscience"), and a sentence from the publisher's advertisement on the cover of the book, ("In Mr. Grant Watson's remarkable stories there are illustrations in human dramas of his belief that there is no conscious sin,—and where there is no conscious sin there is innocence"), invite the reviewer to consider this collection of Mr. Watson's stories from a moral as well as an æsthetic point of view. This is too bad, for from any judge of their ethical soundness, excepting only the romantic individualist, the verdict must be an unfavorable one. With few exceptions these stories are accounts of the indulgence of animal instinct or romantic impulse at the expense of decent feeling and good sense and in violation of the fundamental principles of the great traditional systems of morality. An elderly Englishman deserts his family, eloping with a hotel chambermaid to tropical islands,—"The Case of Sir Reginald James Farquarson"; a young Englishman of the middle-class tradition is reconciled to an Australian negress who has murdered his white wife,—"Out There"; a desirable young wife gives in to the mild importunities of a Chinese merchant after her husband has attempted, in a fit of jealousy, to murder the merchant's friend, with whom she had come to an understanding,—"White and Yellow"; *et al.* These and other facile surrenders to sexual impulse are accomplished, it would appear, "with a good conscience." Therefore, there is "no conscious sin"? Or could this have been the author's *intended* "moral" lesson, as the publisher's advertisement and the author's quotation on the title page suggest?

If there had not been this suggestion of moral intention, if the stories had been offered simply as stories, they would have had much to recommend them. They are of the type that used to be called "strong" or "powerful"; but even now, when these adjectives and the kind of narrative that used to be so described begin to "date," there is a vigor in Mr. Grant's writing, as compared with other writing of the same romantic school, which is impressive and genuine. His inversion of the moral code of healthy civilization is not impressive, to be sure. His vigor and skill do not appear in his ability to do a moral hand-stand. All the second-raters and the third-raters have learned how to do that for the astonishment of the multitude. Mr. Grant, in spite of his immoral premises and his typically sensational subject matter, not because of them, has written in this account of "Innocent Desires" a number of stories that bring alive with marked professional ability uncivilized persons and persons afflicted with what Mr. Santayana has called "the corrupt desire to be primitive." Why was not the book frankly named "Corrupt Desires" so that it might have been judged simply on the grounds of the true, and not on the grounds of the good and the beautiful?

ENTRANCED. By GRACE FLANDRAU. Harcourt, Brace. 1924. $2.

There is little in this book that will appeal to the popular reader, and nothing whatever that will halt the intelligent book lover. The reader of any taste at all will find himself both bored and annoyed—bored by the lack of motive in the book and annoyed by the hysterical manner in which it is written. Miss Flaudrau waxes enthusiastic over nothing and writes exclamatorily and melodramatically about trifles.

The story is of Rita and Dick Malory, a brother and sister reunited after many years of estrangement, the event bringing them together being Dick's marriage into St. Paul society. Dick is conceited and ambitious, and he wants a place in the world at any price. His wife's father makes him a partner in his business; and shortly after this Rita fortuitously falls in love with and marries the brother of Dick's wife, and thus they both break into society. Trouble ensues when Dick, overly ambitious and underly scrupulous, engages in some high finance and loses heavily with the firm's money. He repents and sees that he was only entranced with himself.

The characters pass before you without leaving an impression. For the rest, there is talk of society and gowns and teas.

LA ROUX. By JOHNSTON ABBOTT. Macmillan. 1924. $2.25.

There is first rate material here for a romantic historical novel, and Mr. Abbott has managed the machinery, the movement of it, very well. His background, local color, of the "New France" of 1641 and the following years is also pleasing: satisfyingly descriptive and carefully free of anachronisms and false notes. But as a tale of romantic adventure he seems to have refrained, on purpose, from breathing any breath of life into it. He is so anxious to avoid the high-flying either in sentiment or diction that his tale is reduced to a bare chronicle. The character drawing is all schematic: hard outlines, as if done from a mannikin, with no real vitality. The exasperating thing about it is that one feels that he might have made a good thing of it, if he had been willing to let himself go a bit. The narrative records the wanderings of a young lady who has come all the way from France to find a man whom she knows to have been a victim of her ancestor's dishonesty, in order that she may restore his property to him. Of course, she falls in with the hero, in complete disguise, and enlists him in the search for himself. Equally, of course, he falls in love with her, and does not wish to be found and thus deprive her of the fortune. There are Indians, some fighting, hairbreadth escapes, etc., and there is a suitable fiendish villain. But it is all about as exciting as a demonstration of a proposition in Euclid.

THE SMOKING FLAX. By ROBERT STEAD. 1924. Doran. $2.

Lovers are not the only ones to murmur "sweet nothings." Some authors can write sentimental romances with a delicacy of touch and luminosity of phrase which make them betrayingly easy to read. They are like pastries on which one becomes surfeited before he realizes that he has had no nour-

(*Continued on next page*)

Dutton's
NEW FICTION

A savage satire by
EUGENE ZAMIATIN

on attempts to reduce life and personality to theoretical formulas. Its style, impressionistic, almost cubistic, gives it a unique and individual value. One reads with mingled horror and laughter of the methodical mathematical rule bent on producing a machine-made happiness. $2.00

REAMER LOU
BY LOUIS FORGIONE

A view of life as seen by a common workingman, who frankly tells what he thinks and naturally some of the things he says are startling. Reamer Lou is no angel but just a rough and ready laborer willing to wallop any man who steps on his toes. You see him in this book on ships, in repair yards, in squalid boarding houses, striking up friendships, loving, hating and bungling along as best he can. What he writes may not be a novel —it defies all the set rules for novels—but it is life itself, and the life of a class usually inarticulate.

In press

THE ROAD TO EN-DOR
BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
Author of "The Lone Wolf Returns," "Baroque," etc.

Vivid, thrilling, swift-moving, passionate melodrama, in a vein of which the author is master. It holds one's interest from the begining to the end.

Ready late in Jan.

VAL SINESTRA
BY MARTHA MORTON

A first novel of unusual caliber by a successful playwright who combines vivid chracterization, swift movement and an undercurrent of intrinsic nobility and interest with keen penetration into the contradictions produced by conflicting inherited tendencies. $2.00

Not to be overlooked

THOMAS THE LAMBKIN
BY CLAUDE FARRÈRE
Author of "The House of the Secret."

The verdict runs from coast to coast: "One of the most stirring tales of corsairs we have ever read—a powerful full-blooded tale." (*N. Y. Evening Post*).

"A most unusual pirate story. . . an engrossing tale." (*Argonaut*) $2.00

And for refreshment of spirit the deliciously funny

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG
By A. A. MILNE

With 130 drawings by E. Shepard. $2.00 at any bookstore

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
681 Fifth Ave., New York
Opp. St. Thomas's, near 54th St.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OXFORD BOOKS

Milton's Poems 1645
Type-facsimile Edition $3.50
The purpose of this reprint is to put into the reader's hands a book resembling as closely as may be the book which Milton saw. Limited edition. To be published shortly.

Letters of James Boswell
Collected and Edited
By Chauncey Brewster Tinker
2 vols. $10.00
Professor Tinker has been able to add, from a multitude of poems, over one hundred letters never before printed. The result is a picture of Boswell unlike anything we have hitherto possessed. To be published shortly.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
American Branch 35 West 32nd Street, New York City

"A Worthy Successor to TREASURE ISLAND"
PORTO BELLO GOLD
by A. D. HOWDEN SMITH
BRENTANO'S PUBLISHERS

THE HIDDEN BOOK SHOP
UNDERNEATH
74 BROADWAY - 9 NEW STREET
NEW YORK
A downtown shop offering
The old books for children
The new books for adults
HANOVER 9073

In this space, Mr. Huebsch *names an important book every week. See it at any book store.*
THIS MARK ON GOOD BOOKS
AMERICAN INDIAN LIFE
Edited by
Elsie Clews Parsons
$10.00

TIME
The Weekly News-Magazine

AT LEADING NEWSSTANDS
15c
By Subscription
$5 a Year.
TIME
236 East 39th St., New York.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ishment. Robert Stead is such a writer. "The Smoking Flax" is a simple tale, chronicling the quest of a young sociologist into the Canadian prairies for health, wherein he also finds romance and adventure. There are all of the makings of melodrama: brave hero, wronged woman, desperate villain who commits suicide in the last reel. There are touching scenes between a little boy and his foster-father calculated to bring tears to the eyes of any sentimental and middle-aged woman. But the picture of farm life is sincere and true, the characters, most of the time, are people, and an occasional bit of description rises soaringly. There is much good writing wasted on this book. It is an excellent pastry and will probably sell very well.

THE INEVITABLE MILLIONAIRESS. By *E. Phillips Oppenheim.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

THREE FLIGHTS UP. *By Sidney Howard.* Scribners. $2.

DESERT BREW. By *B. W. Bower.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS. By *Francis Beeding.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

TALES OF THE WILDERNESS. By *Boris Pilnak.* Knopf. $2.50 net.

BEAU GESTE. By *Percival Christopher Wren.* Stokes. $2 net.

THE SOUL OF CHINA. By *Louise Jordan Miln.* Stokes. $2 net.

THE MATRIARCH. By *G. B. Stern.* Knopf. $2.50 net.

THE CLOCK. By *Aleksei Remizov.* Knopf. $2.50 net.

THE SYMBOL AND THE SAINT. By *Eugene Field.* New York: Rudge.

Government

THE CONSTITUTION AND WHAT IT MEANS TODAY. By EDWARD S. CORWIN. Princeton University Press. 1924.

This book is a most convenient and popular hand book of the Federal Constitution. It makes that instrument a living and vivid document. The volume consists of the full text of the Constitution with amendments to date, together with a popular and intelligent statement of its construction by the courts. Professor Corwin performs for the average citizen a task which he obviously has not time to perform for himself. There is also a succinct history of the Constitution which contains a somewhat unnecessary criticism which seems to be directed to Charles A. Beard's book "An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution." Professor Corwin's statement of the fate of Federal Child Labor Legislation, seems to support Professor Beard's point of view.

It would be of great educational value, if a cheap edition of Professor Corwin's book could be issued annually and receive a wide distribution among students and citizens, and it would be more convenient if the references in the book were in the form of foot notes instead of being placed at the end of the volume. A supplement of Professor Corwin's articles appearing in the various law reviews would make them available to the general reader. The book should certainly be in every school library and could be perused with great profit by every thinking citizen.

Miscellaneous

TWENTY-POINT MAH JONG. By R. F. FOSTER. Dodd, Mead. 1924. $1.50.

Mr. Foster, the celebrated authority on intellectual games, has found that "only 8 per cent of those who play Mah Jong in America today play it the Chinese way." That is to say, only 8 per cent have learned to play the original, the genuine, game of Mah Jong. The vast majority of players in the country are devotees of the cleared-suit or one-double—the denatured or attenuated—forms to follow which it is not necessary to think. As a result it is assumed that Americans are losing interest in a game whose merit, after all, they have not yet discovered. Mr. Foster proposes to revive and preserve this interest by the introduction of "Twenty-Point Mah Jong."

This new variation is calculated to satisfy the American desire for high scores and long games without sacrificing "the intellectual interest, the variety, and the strategy" which distinguish this Chinese game. In Twenty-Point Mah Jong the present scoring methods are amplified by giving values to sequences and by using the flower and season tiles as honor suits in addition to their normal or usual scoring value. These changes, and others, assure high scores. But before a player completes his hand he must have a basic score of at least twenty points, "exclusive of any doubles that the hand may contain, and exclusive of any bonuses for such things as drawing the winning tile, or filling the only place." The twenty-point condition guarantees long games; more important, it imposes the necessity for the exercise of the cogitative faculties.

The fact that Mr. Foster's proposed innovation guarantees thinking is its highest recommendation. It may fall short of its goal, but Twenty-Point Mah Jong is likely to lead the way to a full appreciation of the fascination and intricacy of the classic game. At least, it is a decided improvement over what competent students of Mah Jong agree is the inanity of the cleared-suit and one-double forms.

Science

THE ELECTRON. By Dr. R. A. MILLIKAN. University of Chicago Press. 1924. $1.75.

This small volume, filled with important and fascinating information, is well worth a painstaking study. For it deals not only with the truths of pure science but with many physical discoveries of practical application to everyday life, all being told in as nearly a popular and understandable way as is permitted by a subject of such complexity. Even without chapters VII and VIII (as the author himself suggests) a comprehensive impression can be obtained by the educated layman of those great natural principles and harmonies that underlie the operations of the universe. One may intentionally ignore certain constructive formulæ in favor of the final equations and still follow the terse reasoning that renders inevitable many startling conclusions and points the way to others less definite but equally far-reaching. In each case the author explains in simple language the bearing of such developments of his thesis upon the problems of modern life and thought.

The entire story is one of intense interest, judged from any angle. Between the lines one receives the intimations of almost

(*Continued on page 454*)

Speaking of Books

FIRE LOSS
among farmers has been examined thoroughly by V. N. Valgren in his new book on the subject. He offers constructive suggestions for a state law to govern the organization and operation of farmers' mutual fire insurance companies; for a model system of records, and for organization and management plans. Mr. Valgren has virtually solved the problem of applying the best means for minimizing the burden of fire loss among farmers. *Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance in the United States.* By V. N. Valgren. $1.90, postpaid $2.00.

UNCERTAINTY
in business is a vital factor that the business man cannot wholly remove. A risk of loss exists in nearly every venture to which his efforts are directed. The use, however, of modern agencies that serve to counteract the effects of risk is coming more and more to help the executive conduct his affairs. *Risk and Risk-Bearing,* by Charles O. Hardy, gives a careful analysis of these agencies, of business forecasting, hedging, insurance, and the securities market. $3.50, postpaid $3.60.

THE University of Chicago Press CHICAGO

"Oh Monsieur—"
"Mademoiselle—"
and right there the conversation breaks down!

HOW can we call ourselves educated if we don't have a working knowledge of at least one language besides our own? If you favor French—that beautiful, clear and sprightly language—and once studied it, or are taking it up now, you can derive pleasure and make a good deal of progress by simply reading

LE PETIT JOURNAL

LE PETIT JOURNAL is a small newspaper, carefully edited, printed on glazed paper of good quality profusely illustrated, giving extracts from the French press. It covers a wide range of topics interesting to Americans—travel, fashions, old world customs, world events, general news. It is just long enough so that one has time to read it thoroughly twice a month. No one human being could possibly read the quantity of French journals and dailies from which are culled their choicest items. The allusion and difficulties are made clear by footnotes in English.

Next TWELVE ISSUES for $1.00

Here is a rare opportunity to brush up on your French and at the same time come in closer touch with the spirit of France and of Paris. Think of getting lots of entertainment and 12 splendid lessons in French for just one dollar! Order Le Petit Journal for yourself or for your friend who is interested in France or studying French.

R. S. V. P.

MAIL TODAY
Doubleday, Page & Co.
Garden City, N. Y.
Enclosed please find $1, for which kindly send me Le Petit Journal for your special trial offer of 6 months (12 issues).
Name .....
Address .....
.....
SR—1-10

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
2960 B'WAY NEW YORK N. Y.

BEHAVIOR OF THE LOWER ORGANISMS

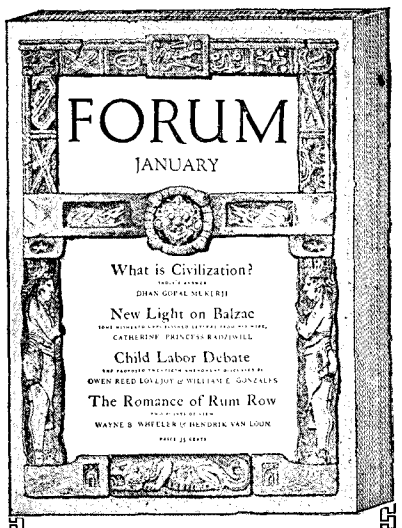
By H. S. Jennings

Pp. xiv + 366. Illustrated. $4.50.

The objective processes exhibited in the behavior of the lower organisms, particularly the lower animals, form the subject of this volume, one of the Columbia University Biological Series.

"Here is a book that sets forth from beginning to end the marvelous qualities of various kinds of microscopic life. After reading this entrancing book, in which one is sure that all observations have been recorded not in fancy but accurately, the reader feels much the same sentiment for these tiny creatures that one has after reading modern popular books on birds and quadrupeds."—*The Guide to Nature.*

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS



BALZAC AND THE BEAUTIFUL STRANGER

A true and wonderful story of Balzac and the beautiful Polish woman of whom he made an idol, whom he courted for seventeen years, then married to live happily ever after.

Told for the first time by the Countess's niece, Princess Radziwill, in THE FORUM for January and February.

It is a document that makes literary history.

35 cents at booksellers

THE FORUM
247 Park Ave., New York

The Irving Press

offers its facilities to PUBLISHERS *for the designing and printing of beautiful books*

The Irving Press
GILBERT T. WASHBURN
President
601 WEST 36TH ST.
Chickering 6922

AT LEADING BOOKSHOPS

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

TEN CENTS A COPY
By Subscription $3 the Year

Enter your subscription through your Bookseller or direct with the Publishers

Address: 236 E. 39th St., New York, N.Y.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

STACEY. By ALEXANDER BLACK. (Bobbs-Merrill).

SO MUCH VELVET. By F. P. A. (Doubleday, Page).

HENRY THOREAU. By LEON BAZALGETTE (Harcourt, Brace).

J. W. W., Bemidji, Minn., asks if there is available anywhere a detailed map or maps of the Mississippi River from the source, and if there is any book that gives a detailed, accurate account of a trip in either canoe or rowboat down the Mississippi from the source to, say, St. Louis.

AS for maps, the Mississippi River Commission issues a series of charts, twenty-eight covering the entire course of the river, prices fixed to cover cost of paper and printing. The office of the Commission is in St. Louis, but travellers from this section can get them, as they usually get their Geodetic Survey topographical maps so useful for walking trips, from C. S. Hammond, of Church Street, New York. These river charts are very complete in detail, giving the delineation of the shores accurately as well as furnishing soundings and other matters of interest to canoeists.

As for books, very little seems to have been written in recent years concerning this phase of travel in this particular region. Even the American Geographical Society, to which I appealed when I could find nothing that seemed to be what this reader needed, could tell me only of "Down the Great River," by Willard Glazier (Philadelphia, 1887), which relates a trip made in a canoe from Lake Itasca in 1881, and three magazine articles, of which C. K. Kitchener's "Drifting Down the Mississippi" is recent, appearing in *Outing*, May, 1922; "Rowing Down the Mississippi," *Outing*, November, 1913, and "A Canoe Trip on the Upper Missippi River," by C. Lanman, *Magazine of History*, March-April, 1915, are the others.

D. A. W., Yokohama, Japan, asks if the series of novels on French industries, by Pierre Hamp, mentioned in the SATURDAY REVIEW *of November 8, includes one on the silk industry.*

WITH some trepidation, for I have read nothing of Pierre Hamp's since his two-story monument to the perfumery trade, "Le Cantique des Cantiques," which appeared in 1922, I say that he had no silk book in this powerful and surprising series—or rather group of novels. But I hope that D. A. W., and others who are willing to stand enlightenment on French methods and mentality, will give themselves the experience of reading "Marée Fraiche" and getting new light on fish markets, or "Vin de Champagne."

M. E. H., Hollywood, Cal., is preparing a paper on "Shakespeare's London."

THERE are twelve references to Shakespeare's city in Helen Henderson's "A Loiterer in London" (Doran), which is one of the latest additions to the large and ever-enlarging literature of London, and has excellent pictures. In Ashley Thorndike's "Shakespeare's Theatre" (Macmillan) there is much that would make such a paper valuable. But the treasure-house for such study, a library in two large volumes, is "Shakespeare's England," issued by the Oxford University Press in commemoration of the Tercentenary. This has articles by specialists on every phase of its subject, economic, æsthetic, spiritual, and sociological. Percy Boynton's "London in English Literature" (University of Chicago) shows the part the city has taken in all the great literary periods of England; another book of this kind, interesting to travellers, is St. John Adcock's "Famous Houses and Literary Shrines" (Dutton). If this inquirer ever has the chance to hear W. W. Ellsworth (formerly of the Century Company, and author of "A Golden Age of Authors"—Houghton Mifflin—)give his lecture on "Shakespeare's London," illustrated with rare antiquarian prints and reconstructions, she will get more than from any book. I don't know when I have so enjoyed an address on a literary subject.

H. H. T., Williamsburg, Ky., asks where to find the recitation, "Lasca," information that he remembers I gave a reader some years ago.

AT that time, I recall, I located it in Mrs. James Brown Potter's "My Recitations" (Lippincott) because it was from this collection, in the year of its appearance, that I heard Frank Hilliard read the piece for the first time; the book is still in print. In this Age of Innocence, "Lasca" was on the edge of the possible for drawing-room recitations, "Ostler Joe" being just over the edge. But meantime a new volume and a vast one has been added to the arsenal of drawing-room ammunition, and "Lasca" is in it; this is Pertwee's "Reciters' Treasury of Verse" (Dutton). This book is one of the best collections of poems that can be effectively read or recited to audiences; its range is wide, and its standards high.

YOU ARE A WRITER. **Don't you ever need help in marketing your work?**

I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable.

Send for my circular. I am closely in touch with the market for books, short stories, articles and verses, and I have a special department for plays and motion pictures.

The Writers' Workshop, Inc.
135 East 58th Street
New York City

Mathilde Weil

McDEVITT-WILSON'S INC. BOOKSELLERS
30 CHURCH STREET NEW YORK
HUDSON TERMINAL BLDG
CORTLAND 1779
Annex—54 Dey St. Cortland 0498

ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE OF BOOKS

25% to 50% off

January 15th-31st, 1925

Among the many items offered are the following :

BALZAC'S WORKS—36 vols. buckram ($144.00)	$30.00
BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE—20 vols. ¾ mor. ($120.00)	48.75
DICKENS' WORKS—15 vols. buckram ($37.50)	22.50
Machen, HILL OF DREAMS, autographed ed. (63s)	5.63
MARK TWAIN, definitive ed. 35 vols. ($262.50)	196.88
AMBROSE BIERCE, 12 vols. ($60.00)	16.88
BURROUGH'S COMPLETE WORKS, 12 vols. ($20.00)	15.00
FLAUBERT, 10 vols., full lea. ($100.00)	30.00
HARDY, 21 vols. ($105.00)	56.25
LEVER, Downey ed., 37 vols., ¾ Levant ($400.00)	300.00

and many others

Sale begins Thursday, Jan. 15th—closes Saturday, Jan. 31st.

Matilda

GOVERNESS *of the* ENGLISH

A NEW NOVEL

by

Sophia Cleugh

THE sweet biddableness of Matilda saved the situation. When Lady Victoria ordered, she donned the wedding gown and heavy veil, marched to the altar with Lord Lassington, and no one, not even the Lord himself, dreamed that she was a substitute bride.

The ceremony over, 'twas but natural for the groom to kiss his bride. The denouement was inevitable. And then, having promised by all that's sacred to obey, Matilda refused to do so. A terrible ruckus followed.

"This is a novel of the good old school that we thought had passed away forever. It sparkles with humor. Miss Cleugh writes with genuine charm, and we hope that she will give us more books of the same sort."
—Boston Herald

"The charm of Miss Cleugh's novel cannot be questioned. It is delightfully written from beginning to end, and there is barely a page that does not ripple with gentle pleasantry." *—N. Y. Times*

"The eternal Cinderella has been revived once more to play the principal role in this spirited and ingenuous tale of early Victorian England."
—N. Y. Sun

Price $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

New York Chicago Atlanta
Boston Dallas San Francisco

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

From Main Street

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

A casual glance over the present list of book reviews and magazines of the better class featuring book-reviewing departments often tempts one to make the statement that the field is overcrowded. In fact, the field *is* overcrowded commercially, but there has long been felt, by the book-lovers of Main Street, the need of an honest, dependable review. This long-felt want *The Saturday Review* is filling.

There are not, in round numbers, so many readers of good books in the small towns as there are in the large ones, but the ratio of sincere book-lovers is as great in the villages as in the cities, using their respective populations as a basis for comparison, and the number of villages far surpasses the number of cities. The lovers of good books in the cities can personally select their books from the bookshops, sampling them before purchasing, but the buyers of good books who live on Main Street (not so unfortunately as an urban reader of Sinclair Lewis might be led to believe, for there are compensations!) must order them sight unseen. As there are so many new editions brought out each month, the purchaser of books in the small town must rely entirely upon the reviews to make his selections. When one resorts to this method, he soon learns whether or not the reviews printed in the different periodicals are reliable.

We on Main Street, therefore, greet the *Saturday Review* with great rejoicing. We have more leisure for reading than the urbanites (this being one of the compensations, provided we can secure the right kind of books) and, as circulating libraries are not so accessible, we spend more money for books. In the town in which I live it is necessary to purchase all of the books we read in order to secure the kind of books we want to read. There is a Carnegie Library in our town, but the book fund is never adequate and is invariably exhausted by the demands of the masses for popular fiction. For those who would rather rest their eyes and commune with their thoughts than waste their eyesight and tempers on Messrs. Wright, Chambers, McCutcheon, *et al*, it is necessary to spend their "hard-earned cash" and build up a library of their own in order to secure the kind of books that make their isolation a blessing. Further, the Main Street reader (and purchaser) of worth-while books is never the rich citizen (nor one, may I add, that belongs to literary clubs). Wealth and good taste in literature, at least in the small towns, seldom go hand in hand. The man in the villages who spends his money for better books has (as a rule) only a limited amount to allot to this pleasure, and every dollar must be made to count. When once bitten by an insincere and inaccurate review, he is twice shy.

It is not only the book reviews that the book-lover of Main Street reads. He, also, reads the reviews of the Broadway premières of plays. Greatly to his joy, publication of the drama has received a tremendous impetus during the past two years. Personally, I have a system all my own (or, at least, I think it is) for enjoying the new plays at a distance of a thousand miles. I collect the reviews of worthwhile plays as they appear and, later, when a play I have liked when reviewed, appears in book-form, I acquire the volume. After reading the play in book-form, I re-read the reviews and, combining the two, create a creditable fireside theatre. In this way, I often learn more about the plays and can better discuss them than the average playgoer.

My favorite reviewers of the plays are Alexander Woollcott, George Jean Nathan and Gordon Whyte. Three more dissimilar critics can hardly be thought of in the same inspirational flash, but a composite résumé of the reviews of each on a certain play will give one a marvelous insight into what actually happened on the stage the night of the première. The drollery of Woollcott, the trenchant downrightness of Nathan and the plot descriptions of Whyte give one a very good idea of the routine of the performance. Nathan is, doubtless, the ablest; Woollcott, the cleverest, and Whyte the most conventional, but no one critic could possess all of these qualities, equally balanced, and the combination of the three makes very satisfactory reading, even when they are at variance (as they frequently are). The mellow reminiscences of Woollcott (agreeably displayed each week in his syndicated "Reviewing Stand" and in his recent volume, "Enchanted Aisles"), and the analytical bludgeoning of Nathan (wielded monthly in *The American Mercury*) make one feel their dependableness, and, of all the qualities that appeal to the Main Streetite, dependableness is the greatest.

Coming back to the books themselves (we haven't been far away as printed dramas are books), it is very discouraging for a resident of Main Street of slight means and large literary tastes to be inveigled by a highly-tinted and eulogistic review into buying a modern fictional effusion only to find the best part about it is the decorative blurb. The Main Streetite likes to keep abreast of the times, but, if the modern books are not worthy of the expenditure of his time and money, he is not at all reluctant to dip into the literary treasures of the past with the assistance of a competent guide. This sort of guide (and friend, too, though unknown) was Maurice Francis Egan in his "Confessions of a Book-Lover." The first chapter was the experience of Everyboy with literary tastes, and the last chapters were mines of treasures for adult book-lovers, especially in small towns. It was alone worth reading Egan's book to make the acquaintance of Charles S. Brooks's "Hints to Pilgrims" and to discover the author's fine tribute to Mr. H. L. Mencken, who has long been a pillar of sincere reviewing to the readers of the hinterland.

There are many lovers of good books on Main Street, but the further expansion of their literary tastes depends upon an adequate guiding hand. This guiding hand you are now extending to them, as are a limited number of other magazines in a more restricted manner, but your review is more helpful because it devotes itself entirely to this need. There can be no greater fury in the heart of the proverbial woman scorned than that which possesses a misguided book-lover, but, on the other hand, no one is more grateful than this same book-lover when led to the stall where good books abound.

SIMEON L. SITES

McAlester, Oklahoma.

"Lottery" Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In the issue of November 22nd, 1924, Mr. Elmer Davis dissects the story of Mr. Woodward called "Lottery." I am not flying to the defence of the author in replying, obliquely, to Mr. Davis. Neither shall I try to pick Mr. Davis to pieces. I prefer to discuss the chronic inability of critics to put themselves in the place of the author who is trying to do something different, no matter how short he may fall of his aspiration. When an author has tackled a new theme in a new way, as did Lewis in "Main Street," he usually stirs up a tremendous pother not unlike the scaring of a rockful of sea-gulls. Ninety-nine people out of every hundred who bought "Main Street" read into it or out of it only what they wanted to. When Wells's "Outline of History" appeared, everyone I came in touch with had looked up the index for the subject he was familiar with and judged the book from the manner in which his specialty was handled. In the case of "Lottery" or "Bunk," the advertising writer turns his nose up at it, the business man blushes and says it isn't true, and all the others who live by words flock to their defense and say it isn't literature.

Now, Mr. Woodward, as one looks at him objectively, so to speak, is not a youngster trying to be clever. Whatever he may be inside, outwardly he might pass for a Tammany ward-heeler. Since we have celebrated our Daisy Ashfords and our youthful poets, let's have a good word to say for our practical man who at fifty or thereabouts suddenly realizes that he has been kidding himself all along, and stops it. Mr. Woodward in middle life seemed faced with the alternative of rotary or literature, and, being a practical man, he chose literature. If he has been lucky it is not because he took a chance. There was nothing else for a disillusioned business man to do. And now as a practical man he is utilizing the by-products of his business experience. To turn upon him and call him a "left winger" seems to me to lay one's self open to the charge of lack of clear reasoning. So long as he remained in the bunk game of advertising, he was a right-winger. But now that he is trying to sell some of his right-wing experience he becomes a suspicious character. Mr. Davis prides himself in at least one vital discovery of error in the thought of "Lottery." "There seems to be a remnant of inextinguishable pride in the old business which leads him to give competent publicity a good deal of the credit for Garrison's success," says Davis. Much as to say that so important an element of business success can hardly be placed in the category of chance. But are we not told by the all-wise publicity managers of publishing houses that no amount of advertising will sell a book unless the book takes of its own accord? In other words, it was merely Jerry Garrison's good luck that by chance he obtained so popular a prize as the Garrison Holdfast Buttons, else not all the publicity in the world would have disposed of them. The element of chance behind brilliant advertising is in discovering something like Spearmint, or cars that make enough noise to attract one's neighbor's attention. And in inventing the Garrison Holdfast Button, Woodward took all the uncertainty out of the sale of his novel.

I am not defending Mr. Woodward, but I wonder if the Elmer Davises of Fielding's time didn't feel the same way about "The Historical Register." As satyrical fantasies both "Bunk" and "Lottery" treat a phase of American life lightly, but accurately, and give us a chance to see ourselves as an American sees us, and we can well forgive him if he does not employ the cut and dried technique of the novelist.

SYDNEY GREENBIE

The New Books

Science

(*Continued from preceding page*)

breathless research, of persistent but reasoned gropings, with never a letting-go of the guiding line of proof which, like the thread of Theseus, leads unerringly through the dark and tortuous regions of the Unknown out into the light beyond.

Perhaps the most notable feature of the work is its firm grasp of the vast amount of detail that has been sifted down to the intrinsic values of ultimate fact. For these values represent the precious residue from the winnowing of century-old dumpheaps of discarded theory and isolated discovery. Furthermore, the slow evolution of the grandest yet simplest ideas of Nature, its forces, laws and structure, is indicated briefly in these pages as forming the large background for the present viewpoint of advanced science. The future, stored with still more wonderful enigmas, is shown as beckoning the hopeful workers of today with a never-lessening lure of conquest. Indeed, the whole adventure reminds one of a busy mining scene with all its glamour and expectancy of sudden wealth. His choice of subjects in this volume displays the breadth of his attainments as clearly as the power of his discrimination in eliminating all but the more significant leads for scientific endeavor. These representatively illustrate the position already reached as to the more abtruse questions whose solution can alone open further avenues of progress.

In dealing with the Infinitely Small the greater part of the text is naturally devoted to the principal phases of the subatomic world. The nature of electricity, the value of the ultimate electric charge, the secrets of ionization and conduction, the divisibility of the electron itself, the atomic constitution, the nature of radiant energy, etc., are topics that sufficiently emphasize the character and importance of this work, which, until fresh discoveries shall further illuminate the road, will stand as the latest and one of the most reliable of our technical signposts to the great goal of all thoughtful travellers in this bewildering world.

Travel

CANNES AND THE HILLS. By RÉNÉ JUTA. Small, Maynard. 1924. $6.00

The author of this delightful and vivid book apparently lives or has lived in Mougins, but she tells much of Cannes and the blood and thunder islands in its harbor mouth, of St. Honorat with its monastery in the shadow of which five hundred monks "found their crown on a lovely summer evening in the year 730," of the subsequent wavering fortunes, under Saracen and Frank, under Genoese and Frenchman and Spaniard, of that little island of the church now restored to holy protection. We hear the story of the virgins of Cannes who were carried off by the Saracens one fine day and, as if in answer to the persistent and horrified prayer of the local curé, were returned sixty years later, only to find that the home town would have none of them and promptly bundled them back into the Saracen ships, each with her eighty years! Still farther in the past, along the Aurelian Road went the tramp and clatter of Roman legions, complaining of their helmets and the heat, leaving their sandal prints in the dust of roads now clouded in the wake of the winter visitor's Rolls Royce.

There is almost too much of romance in this marvelous world of the Côte d'Or, but there is a living breath blowing among the olive trees to keep the ghosts from smelling too much of their tombs. The life of the peasant and the small farmer here has in it the same essence that is to be found in the colors of history.

It would be useless to attempt a reconstruction of the atmosphere of Réné Juta's book. It is its own excuse for existence. It should be enough to say that it is, although the author's prose will not bear detailed examination in all cases, finely and surprisingly written. It presents a moved and pitious intelligence in the presence of a blessed and beautiful quality of earth. It has body and substance. We know of no other way of saying that it is a success.

LANDS OF THE ANDES AND THE DESERT. By FRANK G. CARPENTER. Doubleday, Page. 1924. $4.00

This book takes us from Balboa at the Pacific end of the Panama Canal down into Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia. The most conspicuous feature of our journey is the remarkable spirit of enterprise and progress displayed by our South American neighbors.

Colombia leads the world in the quality of her coffee, and is second to Brazil in quantity only. "Yes! We have no bananas!" cannot be sung in Colombia. Sixteen thousand acres are under cultivation for that fruit alone, and the foreign trade yields one million dollars a year. The festive tonka bean furnishes perfumery and flavors tobacco. Metals, both useful and precious, abound. The emerald mines equal the "wealth of Ormus and of Ind." Bogota ranks so high as a city of culture that it is called the "Athens of America." The distinctive feature of Guayaquil, Ecuador, is that General Gorgas, of Panama fame, made it safe for Americans by eliminating malaria and yellow fever. Quito has a university older than Harvard. Its astronomical observatory purports to be the highest in the world. Ecuador is the native habitat of the chocolate eclaire. Cacao, its essence, is one of the country's chief crops. Ecuador can dispense with both the walrus and the elephant. Ivory, in nut form, grows on trees. Mr. Carpenter acquaints you with the Peru of today. You will learn of the march of political, economic, and social progress, and the spread of religious tolerance. The results abroad, together with the aspirations and emulation aroused there by our nineteenth amendment, will truly surprise you. The new discoveries of Inca treasure and antiquities will amaze you. The triumph of American mining and engineering skill will elate you. The tin mines of Bolivia furnish one-fourth of the world's supply. The quality is the purest. A block of ore weighing one ton contained twelve hundred pounds of tin, and this proportion is no exception. Bolivia also has untold wealth in precious metals, copper, petroleum, rubber, hard woods, and cinchona. As regards fertility, eastern Bolivia is a Garden of Eden. Until rendered more accessible, the country's future will remain uncertain. Being deadlocked, she has to depend upon her few railroads and the complaisance of her neighbors for the release of her commerce. Another phase of the transportation problem.

To designate Mr. Carpenter's work as a beau ideal of travel books is neither hyperbole nor an abuse of the superlative. Some travelers seek to impress you with their "ego." Others portray themselves as the original Marco Polo, Baron Munchausen, Mungo Park, or Major Mendax, *solo* or *ensemble*. Mr. Carpenter does neither. He never obtrudes himself upon the reader. Unusual occurrences, real adventures, are recounted by him as ordinary events in the day's work. Comments upon foreign countries and their people are devoid of acrimony.

Mr. Carpenter has the happy faculty of writing in a lucid, tasteful, entertaining and instructive vein. He robs facts of their dryness and deprives statistics of their terror. Concisely expressed, his style is artistically artless, simple, and near. The legion of fine illustrations lend unwonted charm to the volume, but the reader is not tempted to abandon the text for the pictures. The outline maps at the front and back of the book, however, are too ornamental to be really useful. Comprehensive page maps of the individual countries discussed would be a great improvement, and materially enhance the value of the work for all purposes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

A KEATS MEMORIAL

LAWN BANK, at Hempstead, the house occupied by John Keats when writing his most famous poems, has at last become a public possession. The Hempstead Borough Council has accepted its custody and will open it immediately for public inspection three days of each week. American collectors have taken great interest in the preservation of this house, the only dwelling place at Hempstead identified with his memory that has escaped destruction or rebuilding, and the one most appropriate for a Keats memorial.

Lawn Bank is closely associated with the poet's best verse. Here, under the mulberry tree on the front lawn, he wrote his "Ode to the Nightingale." And here, too, "Hyperion," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and his immortal odes were written. The house was built by his two stanchest friends, Dilke and Charles Armitage Brown, who introduced him to the select company of Hempstead when first he came on a visit as a friend of Leigh Hunt.

Distinguished men and women on both sides of the Atlantic have assisted in the establishment of this memorial. Sir Sidney Colvin was secured as treasurer. A committee included the names of Sir James M. Barrie, Robert Bridges, poet laureate; John W. Davis, then United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James; John Drinkwater, Sir Edward Elgar, Edmund Gosse, Thomas Hardy, Lord Tennyson, Lady Byron, H. G. Wells, and some thirty others. Small subscriptions flowed in but its real success became possible when the aid of Amy Lowell, the biographer of the poet, was enlisted in support of the undertaking. Largely through her influence a swift response from this country has made the immediate opening of the memorial possible.

It is said that the Keats relics distributed about Hempstead, including the collection bequeathed by the late Sir Charles Dilke, a descendant of the Dilke with whom Keats lived, will be gathered into this museum. The Dilke collection includes personal relics, autograph letters of the poet and his friends, important manuscripts, note books, and books once owned by the poet, of the greatest association interest.

THE NEW LAMB DISCOVERY

THE recently discovered volume, "The Book of Ranks and Dignities of British Society," in regard to which there is much to warrant the belief that it was written by Charles Lamb, has been reprinted in a facsimile edition at the University Press, Cambridge, for Charles Scribner's Sons of this city. The volume is a 12mo, bound in green boards, with eight colored plates and sixteen in monochrome. Clement Shorter contributes an introductory note in which he discusses the probability of Lamb's authorship.

Mr. Shorter says that the question as to whether this little book was written by Lamb can in all probability never be finally decided. It is sufficient that Lamb professed playfully or with truthfulness to have written just such a book. It must always be associated with Lamb by virtue of his claim and the speculation to which it has given rise. The tendency of Mr. Shorter's note, however, is to give the impression that Lamb was its author. In conclusion he says:

"I have no wish to hold a brief for the book having been written by Lamb but I think that the controversy excited fully justifies its republication. In any case I cannot accept as final the idea that when Lamb wrote in 1810 of having produced such a b ok he was merely describing something imaginary and was as Mr. Lucas suggests playing around the fact that such a book was actually on sale. There is, of course, a second possibility that Lamb did actually write one of the little volumes for children of the kind described—but at present undiscovered. In any case I am pleased that this quaint and curious volume has been reprinted in its present form."

A NEW THACKERAY VOLUME

JEROME KERN, under the title of "The Awful History of Bluebeard" has privately reprinted "The Bluebeard Legend," together with eight original drawings by Thackeray and an introduction by Temple Scott. The volume is a well printed octavo, bound in light brown boards half morocco back, limited to an edition of 83 copies. Mr. Shorter says:

"These delightful drawings by Thackeray, entitled by him, "The Awful History of Bluebeard," were found preserved in a little scrap-album which was presented to Mary Augusta Thackeray by her mother, on the child's eleventh birthday, March 26, 1841. They have never been published, and they are reproduced now to engage the interest and arouse the amused appreciation of the many lovers of the great English novelist and humane humorist."

These drawings bear the date "London, 1833" and were, therefore, made when Thackeray was twenty-two years of age. Slight and fanciful though these drawings may be, they impart the same burlesque humor of reality tinged with a melancholy sarcasm which is so characteristic of Thackeray a quarter of a century later. There is no Thackeray collector who will not be delighted to own this little volume, which because of its low limit is sure to be rare.

THE VATICAN TREASURES

THE value of the Vatican library from a literary and historical point of view has long been conceded, although its treasures have not been accessible and exact information has been lacking. On the recent fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of Cardinal Gasquet an announcement of world wide interest was made. Unknown to the outer world, Cardinal Gasquet has been for several years engaged in reorganizing the Vatican library and archives. In two years more the 16,000 volumes and parchments will be ready and opened for students of research. There now exists a complete official record from the ninth to the fifteenth century. In the library itself wonderful codexes of volumes hitherto disregarded are now being carefully searched in hope that new light will be thrown on the problems which have hitherto vexed ecclesiastical scholars. And while these careful examinations are progressing, it is believed other discoveries of the greatest importance will be made. This step, too, to make the Vatican treasures accessible to historical scholars is regarded as of the greatest importance.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A BYRON exhibition, said to be the most extensive ever held in this country, is a great attraction at the Grolier Club.

* * *

An exhibition of "One Hundred Famous Books, Ancient and Modern, in First Editions" was held last week at Ernest Dressel North's bookshop, 4 East 39th Street. Mr. North has issued a catalogue descriptive of the collection that is a bibliographical gem. It is well printed, contains an interesting "Introduction," gives 100 pages to description and illuminating notes in regard to these 100 famous books. We venture to say that a majority of the real booklovers that receive this catalogue will preserve it with the greatest care.

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: PRINTERS & BINDERS :: WRITERS' SERVICES

Single insertion rate: 6 cents a word

BARGAIN OFFERS

BOOK LOVERS, Collectors and Readers in general find pleasure in visiting our shop, where a clean, well-selected and richly varied stock of books in all branches of Art, Science and Literature is offered at reasonable prices. Courteous and intelligent service. Correspondence solicited. Catalogues issued. Dauber & Pine, Inc., 83 Fourth Ave., New York. Telephone Stuyvesant 1383.

EXCHANGE your undesired books for desired ones. Write for terms. Your book wants will be promptly attended to. Brussels Book Exchange, 149 Alabama Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DO REVIEW READERS EVER BUY? Giving discount to ascertain. Blue Faun Bookshop, 29 Lexington Avenue, near 23rd Street, New York City. Open evenings.

EXCEPTIONAL BARGAINS, ABSOLUTELY NEW, 95c: "Crazy Man," Maxwell Bodenheim; "Pavannes and Divisions," Ezra Pound; "Waiting for Daylight," H. M. Tomlinson; "Master Mistress" (with marvelous illustrations) by Rose O'Neil. Following books, first editions, edited with introductions by H. L. Mencken: "Democracy and Will to Power," J. N. Wood; "We Moderns," E. Muir; "Youth and Egolatry," Pio Baroja. Money returned if you don't think you have purchased a bargain. "Seiffer's," National Booksellers, 755 Westchester Avenue, New York.

RARE EDITIONS

RARE BOOK CO., 99 Nassau St., New York, dealers in old historical books, Christian Science literature, old laws, autographed letters. Catalogues furnished.

FOR THE BOOK LOVER. Rare books—First Editions—Books now out of print. Latest catalogue sent on request. C. Gerhardt, 25 West 42d St., New York.

DULAU & CO., Ltd. (established 1792), 34, 35 & 36 Margaret St., London, W. I. Latest Catalogues—post free on request. 121, Rare Books in English Literature from a Nobleman's Library. 119, Astronomy, Dialling, Meteorology, Aviation, Physics, Chemistry, and Mathematics. "Dulau & Co., Ltd., with whom one now associates volumes of especial bibliographical interest."—*The New York Times.*

FIRST EDITIONS of Modern Authors in fine condition. Books, Prints, Programmes and Photographs relating to the Drama. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Good Literature at moderate prices. Monthly Catalogs issued. Oxford Books Shop. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., at 24th St. The Sign of the Sparrow.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS. Interesting catalogue of Books from 15th to 20th Century, mailed free on application. Howes Bookseller, St. Leonards on Sea, England.

GOOD AND RARE BOOKS. Catalogue. Books searched for. E. W. Johnson, 343 East 140th St.

CATALOGUE NO. 3 NOW READY for distribution. One thousand fine items for collectors: First Editions, Private Presses, Bruce Rogers, Printing, Engraving, Benjamin Franklin, Ships and the Sea, Pirates, Ship Models, Architecture, Art, Bookplates, Curiosa, Colored Plates, Etching, Illustrators, Poetry, etc. Send your name for copy, mentioning subjects in which interested. Books searched for and reported without obligation. Visit my new shop when in Philadelphia. Horace F. Townsend, 121a South 21st Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SPECIALISTS

WE SPECIALIZE in furnishing books for fixed monthly or yearly sums to persons anywhere in the world. Suggestions for reading based on individual needs or wishes made without charge. Circular without obligation. The Arnold Company, Equitable Building, Baltimore, Md.

THE NORTH NODE, an Occult Book Shop, 114 East 57th St. Books on Occultism, Mysticism, Metaphysics, Astrology, The Kabbalah, The Tarot, Hermetics, Alchemy, Symbolism, The Rosicrucians, Theosophy, Comparative Religions, Ancient Civilization, Mythology, Folklore, and kindred subjects—old, rare and out-of-print, new and contemporary.

FOREIGN LITERATURE

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, GERMAN books. Our stock is most complete. Send for catalogue stating language desired. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

WRITERS' SERVICE

MANUSCRIPT ADVICE. Professional criticism; corrections suggested; sales arranged by publisher's advisor, former member Munsey staff, contributor to *Literary Review*, *International Book Review*, *New Republic*, etc. Short stories: $5.00. Novels: $10.00. Inclose remittance. KENNETH FUESSLE, 6 East 8th Street, New York.

WRITERS: Are you tried of criticising? Would you like a sale now and then? Write to Doc Donnelly, Corrector of Manuscripts, 923 East 7th Street, North, Portland, Ore.

PRINTERS AND BINDERS

GRAPHIC PRESS, 39 West 8th St., New York. High-grade printing at fair prices.

LANGUAGES

GRAMMARS AND DICTIONARIES of Oriental languages. Benj. F. Gravely, Martinsville, Va.

WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM, MASTERKEY to all languages. Primers, $1.94: Chinese, French, Spanish, Alphagams, 30c. Dictionaries, $1.98. Languages, 8 West 40th, New York.

GENERAL ITEMS

BOOKS REVIEWED in this issue sent post free anywhere. Special attention to kinsprits. Greenwich Village Book Shop, 4 Christopher St., New York City. Spring 8516.

BUIST'S BOOK SEARCH SERVICE will find the book you want at the most reasonable price. No charge until the book is found. David Craig Buist, 7 Elm St., Springfield, Mass.

CONDER'S BOOKSTORE, 65 Fifth Ave., New York. Apply for catalogue of desirable second-hand books. Books also bought.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, current books of English and American fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, art, essays, can now be procured from Eugene Pell, 1203 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MAX N. MAISEL, 424 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK. The first bookstore in New York (Established 1893) to discern the oncoming of an American intelligentsia and to gather and carry the best collection of good books for the intellectual reader.

EVERY BOOK IN CREATION. Pratt, 161 Sixth Ave., New York.

THE VILLAGE BOOK SHELVES, 144 MacDougal St., New York, announces that books in their circulating library may be ordered by telephone or mail and they will be delivered promptly by messenger. Call Spring 5886.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE of most interesting books in the world. Dr. French, 2407 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

CURRENT ENGLISH BOOKS. The Holliday Bookshop, 10 West 47th St., New York.

BOOKS REVIEWED here sent post free. Israel Soifer, 1244 Clay Ave., New York City.

OVERLAND NARRATIVES; the Indians; slavery; the Civil War. Catalogs on request. The Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th Street, New York.

WANTED, VOL. I, NO. 2 of Saturday Review. Will pay one dollar for same. J. F. Merritt, Farmingdale on Long Island, N. Y.

CODE BOOKS

BENSINGER CODES—When it's Cable-Codes you want, remember that Bensinger sells them for every purpose. Right in price and quality—guaranteed correct. S. R. Bensinger Co. (Est. 1887), 17 Whitehall St., New York. Cables. Multigraph. Phone: Bowling Green 6989.

BOOKS FOR WRITERS

BOOKS FOR WRITERS: And competent Editorial Assistance in the Criticism, Revision and Publication of their Work. 1001 Places to Sell Manuscripts, $2.50; Polti's 36 Dramatic Situations, $1.50; Art of Inventing Characters, $2.50; Plotting the Short Story, $1.00; Technique of Fiction Writing, $1.75; How to Write a Short Story, 65c. Catalogue 25 others. Manuscripts revised, typed, advice as to markets. Explanatory leaflets. Correspondence invited. James Knapp Reeve (former Editor, *The Editor*), 3 Alexander Building, Franklin, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books on all subjects quickly supplied at lowest cost. We also specialize in first editions, rare items, genealogies, magazines, English books, etc. No charge or obligation for this service. Announcements free. American Library Service, Dept. 326, 500 Fifth Ave., New York. Longacre 10435.

OUR OUT-OF-PRINT SERVICE searches without obligation for books, magazines, genealogies, English publications, special items, etc. Items quoted at moderate prices. National Bibliophile Service, 1270 Broadway, New York. Pennsylvania 2986.

"TELL US YOUR BOOK TROUBLES." Books out of print searched for gratuitously. Ginsburg's Bookshop, 1823 Pitkin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"As the small boy said, 'HELL! it's perfect'"—

says the *Saturday Review of Literature* in enthusiastic praise of

So Much Velvet

by F. P. A.
(FRANKLIN P. ADAMS)

F. P. A. has long been recognized by those that know as the best light versifier we have. The rhymes in this book and the translations from Horace and Propertius are the best that Mr. Adams has ever done. For example:

Apologia Pro Suis Verbis

The songs I have to sing you
Might bear a lovelier tune;
The verbal rose I bring you
Might breathe a nearer June.

The verses that I make you
Might move in loftier rhyme;
The thrill of them might shake you
From now to the end of Time.

The fruits of mine endeavor
Might fall from a fairer bough—
All these might be. However,
I'm darned if I know how.

So popular has SO MUCH VELVET grown as the season's most amusing book, that a second large edition has had to be printed. Copies are at bookstores now. Let your evening be a happy one by going now to a bookseller and getting your copy of

At Bookstores, $2.
Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Phoenix Nest

IN the third part of a prose work written sixty years ago lies the material for that which became one of the few great pessimistic poems in the English language.

And I wandered about the city, the vast metropolis, which was become as a vast necropolis. . . . . Desolate indeed I was, although ever and anon, here and there, in wan haggard faces, in wrinkled brows, in thin compressed lips, in drooping frames, in tremulous gestures, in glassy hopeless eyes, I detected tokens of brotherhood, I recognized my brethren in the great Freemasonry of Sorrow.

Ten years after this was written by *James Thomson* ("B. V.") his great poem "The City of Dreadful Night" commenced in *The National Reformer*. *George Eliot* particularly encouraged the poet. But she wished to see him a new Tyrtaeus, thrilling the Spartans. He himself disclaimed having any Byronic quarrel with his fellows, but, though recognizing the zeal of those who strove to better the human lot, he wrote, "I cannot see that all their efforts have availed much against the primal curse of our existence.

Has the world been the better or the worse for the life of even such a man as Jesus? I cannot judge; but I fear on the whole considerably the worse. None the less I can love and revere his memory. A physician saves a life, and he does well; yet perchance it were better for the patient himself and for others that he now died. But it is not for me to introduce such thoughts to you.

Nor is it for us, particularly in inaugurating a new year. "The primal curse of existence," when we choose so to regard it, we have always with us. In the first quarter of this century we have seen in our literature every aspect of that primal curse exposed in the harsh dry light of realistic fiction. Since Thomson's poem was written about a great city, however, about the only sustained poems concerning a great city that we have—at least concerning a great American city (and I have no knowledge of any modern poetic rendering of the rhythms of modern London)—are *Carl Sandburg's* longer poems on Chicago. It is interesting to set Sandburg's "Windy City" up against "The City of Dreadful Night," for, despite the undercurrent of mordant irony and the sardonic pathos of Sandburg's interpretation, here is in fact a new Tyrtaeus, thrilling the Spartans. The fogs of that profound pessism that animated Thomson are obliterated by an intermittently flashing energy. Here also is the pæan, the celebration, the resistance even of a deeply disillusioned mind to the disheartening engendered by the vast dark spectacle.

Thomson accepted "the iron yoke of Fate." An imagination like Sandburg's resists to the death such an acceptance. Thomson saw "that grand and awful melancholy of *Albrecht Dürer*" dominating the City of his poem, while aware that "the truth of midnight does not exclude the truth of noonday." Sandburg turns soon away from the truth of midnight, greeting the truth of noonday as a robust and haughty comrade.

I have opposed the two poets merely to make the juxtaposition suggest a change of temper that might be healthy for our literature in the New Year. There can be no question of the greatness of James Thomson's verse, of course, and there must always remain a certain question concerning the work of a living and contemporary poet. We cannot be certain of properly appraising him. And over and above that there is the question eternally posed as to whether a deep melancholy does not almost necessarily pervade the greatest English verse, perhaps because the Anglo-Saxon is fundamentally a "nay-sayer," and any exaltation of nay-saying must strike into his *heart* as no exuberant acceptance or rebellion can. But setting aside these æsthetic considerations, and turning to life as we live it, when is there to come into the poetry of our country any contagious enthusiasm of interpretation analogous to the enthusiasm that has raised our greatest cities from the plain?

The reflective mind may always incline to that truth of midnight which was Thomson's, but it seems strange to us that the contemporary creative mind has not inclined more of late years to the truth of noonday. In the midst of unparalleled mechanic effort, with the evidence all around us of the magnificence of man's ingenuity the art of fiction has been employed with sterility and futility as major themes, the art of poetry has reached "The Waste Land."

Eliot's "The Waste Land" has, in fact, reached again, in a new age, in a new flux of affirmations and negations, much the same mood that endows "The City of Dreadful Night" with its majestic melancholy. It is the mood, familiar enough to Post-War art, that has made it so moving to us in a Post-War world. The bite of the irony is even sharper to us since this age is cluttered by more tinsel if by less arid emotionalism. Yet the creative energy of man expressed through the average man's concerns in the present day, goes on vitally functioning despite all the *cul-de-sac* conclusions at which the philosophers and disheartened artists have arrived, and, in the field of painting, for instance, art still manifests a gusto but little deadened by dead afterthoughts.

The modern city waits for modern poets properly to show it forth; but it is our belief that an interpretation of its magnificence as well as of its drabness and hopelessness will not keep us waiting long. As for fiction, we believe there are indications that the novelists are becoming more truly creative in their interpretations of modern life. At least, we look to a new, energy—we look for the sowing and the harvest to follow so much tilling of the dark soil. The field of creative literature surely has its soil sufficiently prepared by this time. Surely by this time the rubble and the dead roots have been cleared away! And with this hope, at least, we commend you to what may prove a very happy new year for the arts!

W. R. B.

6th Large Printing!

In a Shantung Garden
by Louise Jordan Miln
Author of Mr. Wu

Louise Jordan Miln
Whose Stories of China Reach the Hearts of America
Each $2.00

Just Published

The Soul of China
Glimpsed in Tales of Today and Yesterday
by Louise Jordan Miln
Author of Mr. Wu

"Unquestionably Mrs. Miln's best work since 'Mr. Wu' . . . Her extensive travels in Asia have given her a fund of information which she transmutes into rich, glowing prose."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Mrs. Miln loves China and her life. In this volume, through vivid stories of extraordinary beauty, she lets her readers glimpse China's soul—as it was and as it is.

Publishers FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY **New York**

BORZOI BOOKS

G. B. ST ERN'S NEW NOVEL

The MATRIARCH

"Among the best novels of recent years. Pulsates with life and reality. Miss Stern obviously found great joy in her work and the result is a great book."—*Review of Reviews.*

"Here is a family chronicle whose scope makes *The Forsyte Saga* and *Esmond* and any other family tale one can think of seem skimpy in comparison."—*Sunday Chronicle.* $2.50

"RED IS THE COLOR OF YOUTH. OXEN AND TURKEYS ARE ALWAYS ENRAGED BY IT."—ROBERT SCHUMANN.

RED: Papers on Musical Subjects *by* **Carl Van Vechten**

Before Carl Van Vechten was a novelist he was a music critic. In *Red* he has gathered together such of his musical essays as he wishes to preserve and has added new material. The result is a singularly entertaining volume. $2.50

HAVE YOU READ THE GREAT NOBEL PRIZE NOVEL?

The PEASANTS
by Ladislas Reymont

The first two volumes (*Autumn* and *Winter*) are now ready. In *Winter* the story of the guilty love of a son for his stepmother and the thrilling revolt of the villagers against the manor is in full swing.

"Crowded with characters, each one individualized with sharp strokes, it pours along like an army. It has more color than Frank Norris's 'Octopus.'"—Carl Van Doren in *The Century.*

$2.50 *each or two volumes boxed at* $5.00. *Ask your bookseller for full details of this great work.*

THREE PILGRIMS AND A TINKER *by* MARY BORDEN

Mary Borden's new novel is now in its fourth edition and in high favor with critics and reading public alike. "A picture of English aristocracy that may profitably be compared to Galsworthy's best."—*The Boston Transcript.* $2.50

WATCH THE PILGRIMS TRAVEL THROUGH 1925

JANE—OUR STRANGER

Also by Mary Borden. A novel of the marriage of an American girl into the French aristocracy. Is now in its fifth edition. $2.50

ALFRED A. KNOPF
730 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

BORZOI BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED